

K Shakespeare (1771)

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CYMBELINE: King of BRITAIN.

A

TRAGEDY,

Written by SHAKESPEAR.

WITH SOME ALTERATIONS,

By CHARLES MARSH.

As it was agreed to be Acted at the THEATRE-
ROYAL in COVENT-GARDEN.

The Part of *Posthumus* to have been performed by
Mr. Barry, and the Character of *Imogen*, by Mrs.
Gibber.

Beloved Shakespear! may thy Shade forgive
That I, presuming, mix my Scenes with thine,
In the fond Thought they may together live:
Alloy incorp'rates with the finest Coin.

How vast are thy creative Powers! thy Flight
How boundless! Thro' the Earth, thro' Seas and Sky
At pleasure ranging, neither Depth nor Height
Scape the Researches of thy mental Eye.

Forgive me, for 'tis surely all the meed
I e'er shall ask. Oblivion throw thy Veil
O'er those false hopes that flattered once indeed;
Or, let Capricious GIBBER tell the Tale.

L O N D O N:

Printed for CHARLES MARSH, at Cicero's Head, at
Charing Cross.

Persons of the Drama,

As their Parts were several Times rehearsed.

CYMBELINE, King of <i>Britain</i> ,	by	Mr. Ryan.
POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman pri-	} Mr. Barry.	
vately married to the Princess.		
CLOTEN, Son to the Queen, by a	}	
former Husband.		
GUIDERIUS, } Sons to the King,	} Mr. Dyer.	
but supposed Sons		
ARVIRAGUS, } to <i>Belarius</i> .		
BELARIUS, a banish'd Lord.		Mr. Sparkes.
PHILARIO, an <i>Italian</i> , Friend to <i>Posthumus</i> .		
JACHIMO, Friend to <i>Philario</i> ,		Mr. Macklin:
CAIUS LUCIUS, the Roman Am-	} Mr. Bridgewater.	
bassador.		
TREBONIUS, his Attendant.		Mr. Anderson.
PISANIO, <i>Posthumus's</i> Gentleman.		Mr. Ridout.
FRENCH Gentleman.		
CORNELIUS, a Physician.		Mr. Martin.



W O M E N.

QUEEN, Wife to <i>Cymbeline</i> ,		Mrs. Vincent.
IMOGEN, Daughter to <i>Cymbeline</i>	} Mrs. Cibber.	
by a former Queen.		
HELEN, Attendant on <i>Imogen</i> .		

Lords, Ladies, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and
other Attendants.

SCENE BRITAIN.

P R E F A C E.

I N the Summer of 1752, I waited on Mr. *Rich*, at *Cowley*, and read to him an Alteration of *Romeo and Juliet*; wherein I had separated the Tragedy, from the Comedy, and thrown the latter quite away. He approv'd of what I had done; but being undetermin'd as to accepting it, advis'd me to shew it, to Mr. *Barry*, and Mrs. *Cibber*. When I came to Mr. *Barry*, He told me he was sorry he could not assist me; for the House was to be open'd with *Romeo*, as the Stage then possess'd it. But, in Order to make me Amends, If I wou'd alter *Cymbeline*, He wou'd engage for the Performance of it. Induc'd by this Promise, and struck with the numberless Beauties of the Piece, I thought it, a pleasing Task, to endeavour to amend the *Conduct* of the *Fable*, by confining the Scenes, at least, to this Island. Soon after I had began it, Mr. *Barry* carried what I had written, to Mrs. *Cibber*, who very judiciously pointed out some Passages that might be improv'd. The next Season, Mr. *Rich* Cast the several Parts of the *Play*, and it went thro' seven *Readings* or *Rehearsals* in the Green-Room. And Mrs. *Cibber* was so sanguine in Favour of it, that she spoke to me, in these remarkable Words. "Now, Now, it will do! Mr. *Marsh*,
" it will do! as long as the *Stage* exists, this will be
" an *Acting Play*, and as long as I know the *Theatre*,
" I shall choose to appear in the Character of *Imogen*." Soon after this, the Time was mentioned by Mrs. *Cibber*, in the Presence of Mr. *Rich*, when the Play shou'd be brought on the Stage.---Her Words were to this Effect: That She thought it wou'd be wrong to oppose the new Play of *Eugenia*, then acting at *Drury-Lane*, till the Author's first Benefit was over; and therefore fix'd on the fourth Night of the Run of that Play for the performing of *Cymbeline*. As Mr. *Rich* made no Objection, I imagin'd all Difficulties were now surmounted. A few Nights after this Declaration, as I was standing behind the Scenes, Mr. *Rich* desired me to speak to Mrs. *Cibber* to come to a Rehearsal the next Morning: (this was in the Month of *February*) When I address'd myself to her, She replied with an exclaima-

P R E F A C E.

tory Voice, that, as Mr. *Pope* expresses it, yet vibrates on my Ear: "No, Sir! No! it is too late, I have a long Part to study for myself; several for these People; (pointing to the Actors in the Green-Room) besides, Mr. *Rich* never intended it shou'd come on at all." Thus did my imaginary Poetical Estate, which was to have been *one* Benefit, If the Play run *nine* Nights, vanish from me, as suddenly, as the hopes of making Gold are defeated, by the dreadful Explosion in the *Alchymist*. The next Time I saw Mr. *Rich*, which was at the *Bedford Coffee-House*, He began, "Well, Sir, your Play is not to be perform'd, I find; did not I tell you *Barry* and *Cibber* never intended it shou'd? What think you now? Will you believe me another Time." In this Manner was the Cause of my Disappointment, attributed alternately, by one to the other. As Mr. *Barry* was the Person who first engag'd me, in this Performance, I naturally complain'd to him, of the Usage I had receiv'd; and in the Season of the Year 1757, I met Mr. *Rich* and Mr. *Barry*, in the Dressing-Room of the latter, when Mr. *Rich* assur'd me, He wou'd play *Cymbeline* early the next Winter, and wou'd be my Friend in it. When that Winter came on, I wrote two Letters to him, reminding him of his Promise; (for it was impossible not to be tir'd, with dancing Attendance, for at least five Years) which as he never answer'd, I spoke to him for the last Time, at the Feast held for the Celebration of the Memory of *Shakespear*; when He told me, the Person mention'd in my Letter, meaning Mr. *Barry*, had deny'd his having been Witness to any Promise made to me, by him. But that Person has since assur'd me, he well remembers it. Having taken up so much of the Reader's Time, and perhaps quite tir'd him, with relating so many Altercations, I shall say very little to the Play itself, as it now stands; but shall only observe, that I have been very frugal in decorating the Ground of *Shakespear*, with my own Embroidery*. And that I hope the Plot is carried on with Probability.

* See the Critical Review, for February, 1756, on the Winter's Tale, alter'd by the same Hand.



CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Trebonius and Pisanio.

Treb. **M**ETHINKS, *Pisanio*, wild Disorder reigns
Throughout the Palace: Ev'ry Man I meet
Contracts his Brow, and arms it with a Frown.

Pisan. Our Courtiers wear their Faces to the Bent
Of the King's Looks; they're drest in outward Anger,
And yet, *Trebonius*, cou'd you read the Heart,
'Twou'd plainly there be seen, they scowl at that
Which gives them inward Joy.

Treb. May one demand
The Reason of these seeming Contradictions?

Pisan. The secret Marriage of the noble *Posthumus*
With *Imogen* the Heiress of our Kingdom,
Has hitherto, as such high Trust deserves,
Within my faithful Breast been safely treasur'd.
But by the Subtlety of our new Queen,
(Whose fond ensnaring Smiles caught *Cymbeline*,

B

And

And made him raise her to the Royal Bed)
This Morn it was discover'd ;—when, in Rage,
The King pronounc'd a Sentence worse than Death,
The hopeless Doom of Banishment against him.

Treb. In our last Embassy, when I attended here
Our *Roman* Gen'ral, he was th' only Fav'rite.

Pisan. *Cymbeline* lov'd him ; bred him from his Birth ;
Put him to all the Learning that the Age
Cou'd make him Master of ; which he imbib'd,
As we do Air, fast as 'twas minister'd.
He then beheld him with the same Delight
Indulgent Fathers view the promis'd Hopes
Of Virtue, and of Genius, in a Son.
But this vile Step-dame, by insidious Arts,
Has turn'd his noble Nature :—But for her,
With his own Hand he wou'd have giv'n to *Posthumus*
His charming Daughter : What is now a Crime,
Was once design'd him as the greatest Blessing.
O *Imogen*, the loveliest of thy Sex !
How will thy Heart support this fatal Parting ?

Treb. She is indeed a Wonder.

Pisan. All who view
Her radiant Beauty, and her graceful Manners,
Must own perforce she is a Lady such,
As to seek through the Regions of the Earth
For one her like, there would be something failing
In her that should compare. Yet the King's Purpose
Was to bestow her on that half-form'd Wretch,
That moving Piece of Earth, the foolish *Cloten*.

Treb. I met Lord *Cloten* as I left the Presence,
When with a stupid Gaze, he sudden stop'd ;
Ask'd when the General *Lucius* wou'd arrive ;
Then cursing *Posthumus*, he hasted from me.

Pisan. The *Roman Lucius*, what imports his Visit ?

Treb. Our *Emp'r*or has commanded him to urge
The Payment of the Tribute due to *Rome*.
His Ship, 'tis thought, will reach *Lud's* Port to Night.

If

CYMBELINE.

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If *Cymbeline* refuses, all the Legions
We have in *Gaul*, are order'd to embark ;
That with our *Roman* Swords we may decide
The bloody Difference.

Pisan. And is this a time
To throw away the Shield that shou'd defend us ?
How fatal is the Dotage of the Soul
When weak'ning Age impairs its Faculties !
Ere *Cymbeline* became a ductile Slave,
His Judgment, like his Honour, was consummate.
He fill'd his Office with a kingly Grace ;
The Virtues of the Monarch, and the Man,
Were kindly mix'd.—
Except one Act, which in unheeding Youth
His Sycophants betray'd him to, no Man
In all his golden Reign e'er felt Oppression.
Thou, only thou, poor good *Bellarius*,
Hast for thy Virtue suffer'd !

Treb. You seem mov'd.

Pisan. I am at the Remembrance.—That great Man
Was such a finish'd Soldier, that ev'n *Rome*,
Albeit she boasts, and with the utmost Justice,
Of mighty *Cæsar*, never bred a braver.
But Slander caught him ;—by the vip'rous Breath
Of harden'd Perjury, the Hero fell.
He was accus'd of a Conspiracy
Against his Country ; and on trivial Proof,
Condemn'd and sentenc'd to perpetual Exile.
But Heav'n has well aveng'd him ; the King's Sons,
Two *Royal Infants*, were soon after stol'n ;
Nor cou'd Enquiry, or the strictest Search,
E'er yet discover 'em.—But see, the *Queen*,
With *Posthumus*, and *Imogen*. Let us retire :
My Eyes wou'd overflow to view their Parting.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, Daughter,
After the Slander of most Step-mothers,
I'll-ey'd unto you : You're my Pris'ner, but
Your Jayler shall deliver you the Keys
That lock up your Restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your Advocate : Marry, yet
The Fire of Rage is in him ; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what Patience
Your Wisdom may inform you.

Posth. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the Peril :
I'll walk about the Garden ; tho' the King
Strictly forbids your speaking to each other,
'Twere Cruelty in me, shou'd I deny it.
[*Aside.*] If I meet *Cymbeline*, I'll lure him hither.
I hate this *Posthumus* : Betwixt the Throne
And *Cloten's* Hopes, he, like an *Isthmus*, stands :
That *Isthmus* must be cut, ere they can meet. [*Exit.*

Imog. Dissembling Courtesie ! how fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds ! My dearest Husband,
I something fear my Father's Wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy Duty) what
His Rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly Shot
Of angry Eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewel in the World,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen ! my Mistress !
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give Cause
To be suspected of more Tenderness
Than doth become a Man. I will remain
The loyal'st Husband that did e'er plight Troth ;

My

CYMBELINE.

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My Residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's* ;
 Who to my Father was a faithful Friend ;
 Write there, my Queen.
 And with mine Eyes I'll drink the Words you send,
 Tho' Ink be made of Gall.

Imog. Support me Heav'n ! .

Posth. Shou'd sever'd Lovers be for taking leave,
 As long a Term as we have yet to live,
 The Lothness to depart wou'd grow :—Adieu !

Imog. Nay, stay a little.—

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty.—Look here, Love,
 This Diamond was my Mother's ; take it, Heart,
 And keep it 'till you woo another Wife,
 When *Imogen* is dead.

Posth. Another Wife !

You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
 And fear up my Embracements from a next
 With Bonds of Death.—Remain, remain thou here,

[*Putting on the Ring.*

While Sense can keep thee on ! And, sweetest, fairest,
 As at the Altar, when we did exchange
 Each for the other, thou, thy richest self,
 Gave for unworthy me, tho' to thy Loss
 So infinite ; so is it in our Trifles ;
 I am the Gainer still.—Wear this for me ;

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

It is a Manacle of Love ; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest Pris'ner.

Imog. O, the Gods !

When shall we meet again ?

Posth. Alack, the King !

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

King. Still here ? We've told thee our Decree ;
 Our strict Command, that thou shou'd'st leave the Court.
 When

When next thou'rt ling'ring seen, thou dy'st.—Away!
Thou'rt Poyson to my Blood.

Posth. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good Remainders of the Court.
As many Farewells as be Stars in Heav'n,
Think, dearest *Imogen*! compriz'd in one.
I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Imog. There cannot be a Pinch in Death
More sharp than this is!

King. O disloyal Thing,
That shou'd'st repair my Youth, thou heapest many
A Year's Age on me.

Imog. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your Vexation;
I'm senseless of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all Pangs, all Fears.

King. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imog. Past Hope, and in Despair; that way past Grace.
Sir, 'tis your Fault that I've lov'd *Posthumus*,
You bred him as my Play-fellow; and he is
A Man worth any Woman; overbuys me
Almost the Sum he pays.

King. What!—art thou mad?

Imog. Almost, Sir; Heav'n restore me! Wou'd I were
A Neat-herd's Daughter, and my *Posthumus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Son.

Queen. Beseech you Patience.

Dear Lady Daughter, Peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t'ourselves, and make yourself some Comfort
Out of your best Advice.

King. Nay, let her languish
A Drop of Blood a Day; and, being aged,
Die of this Folly.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter

CYMBELINE,

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Enter Pisanio.

Here is your Servant.—How now, Sir, what News?

Pisan. My Lord, your Son, drew on my Master.

Queen. Hah!

No Harm, I trust, is done?

Pisan. There might have been,
But that my Master rather play'd, than fought,
And had no Help of Anger: They were parted
By Gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imog. Your Son's my Father's Friend; he takes his Part.
A valiant Sir, to draw upon an Exile!—

But why, *Pisanio*, came you from your Master?

Pisan. On his Command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the Haven; bid me pay
My Duty here, when't please you to employ me.

Queen. *Imogen*, will you walk?

Imog. You shall, at least, [To Pisanio.]
Go see my Lord aboard; for this Time leave me.

[*Exeunt Queen and Imogen at one Door, and Pisanio
at the other.*]

Enter Cloten and Two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I wou'd advise you to shift a Shirt;
the Violence of Action has made you reek as a Sacri-
fice. Where Air comes out, Air comes in: There's
none Abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Cloten. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

Second Lord. No Faith, not so much as his Patience.

[*Aside.*]

First Lord. Hurt him? His Body's a passable Car-
cass, if he be not hurt: It is a Thorough-fare for Steel,
if it be not hurt.

Cloten.

Cloten. The Villain wou'd not stand me.

Second Lord. No—but he fled *forward* still, toward
your Face. [*Aside.*]

First Lord. Stand you? You have Land enough of
your own; but he added to your Having, gave you
some Ground.

Cloten. I wou'd they had not come between us!—And
that she shou'd love this Fellow, and refuse me!

Second Lord. If it be a Sin to make a true Election,
she's damn'd. [*Aside.*]

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her Beauty and
her Brain go not together. She's a good Sign, but I
have seen small Reflection of her Wit.

Cloten. Come, I'll to my Chamber.—Wou'd there
had been some hurt done.—You'll go with us?

First Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Cloten. Nay come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imog. Here I may vent my Sorrows!—Here, *Pisanio*,
Unmark'd of the fallacious Tyrant's Eyes
I may enquire; then tell me, say, how look'd
My banish'd *Posthumus*, when parted from me?

Pisan. As in a sudden Change, from rosy Health,
And temp'rate-beating Pulse, to pining Sicknes,
The Blood subsides; the Cheek that glow'd before,
Looks paler than the with'ring Lilly's Head;
So far'd it with my Lord.—Bereft of you,
Who art his Health, for whom alone he breathes,
From his discolour'd Lips the Purple fled,
And his wan Visage spoke him scarce alive.

Imog. Alas! his Pangs are doubled upon me.
I wou'd thou grew'st unto the Shores o' th' Haven
And question'd'st ev'ry Sail: If he shou'd write,

And

And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd Mercy is.—What was the last
That he spake with thee ?

Pisan. 'Twas, his Queen, his Queen !

Imog. Then wav'd his Handkerchief ?

Pisan. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imog. Senseless Linen, happier therein than I :
And that was all ?

Pisan. No, Madam ; for so long
As he cou'd make me with his Eyes, or I
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The Deck with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still waving, as the Fits and Stirs of's Mind
Cou'd best expresse, how slow his Soul sail'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imog. Thou shou'd'st have made him
As little as a Crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisan. Madam, so I did.

Imog. I wou'd have broke mine Eye-strings ;
Crack'd them but to look upon him ;
Nay follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The Smallness of a Gnat to Air ; and then
Have turn'd mine Eye and wept.—But, good *Pisano*,
When shall we hear from him ?

Pisan. Be assur'd, Madam,
With the next 'Vantage.

Imog. I did not take my Leave of him, but had
Most pretty Things to say : Ere I cou'd tell him
How I wou'd think on him, at certain Hours,
Such Thoughts, and such ; or, I cou'd make him swear
The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine Int'rest and his Honour ; or cou'd charge him
At the sixth Hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisons, (for then
I am in Heav'n for him ;) or ere I cou'd
Give him that parting Kiss, which I had set

Betwixt two charming Words, comes in my Father,
And like the tyrannous Breathing of the North,
Shakes all our Buds from growing.

Pisan. Suff'ring Virtue
Is the peculiar Care of Providence.

Then droop not, gentle Lady : Heav'n that tries,
At last rewards the Goodness of the Heart.

Imog. Heav'n knows this Trial is a most severe one,
No more my Father with paternal Smiles,
Beholds the wretched *Imogen*.—His Heart
Is shut against me.—Little thought that Saint
That was my Mother, it wou'd come to this.
I've seen him hang enamour'd on her Face,
And heard him oft protest, should Death deprive him
Of that delightful Object, all his Love
Shou'd be transferr'd to me.—But that is past ;
And wherefore do I think on't ?

Pisan. Such sad Thoughts
Serve but to heighten and enlarge your Griefs.

Imog. And yet they will not from me—Hear me then,
For Sorrow loves to talk.—When on her Bed
My dying Mother lay ; her faded Cheek
Join'd to the King's, her Hand fast lock'd in his,
Her Heart with Anguish broken for my *Brothers*,
Those princely Babes, so strangely wrested from her ;
With Tears she kiss'd me ;—*Imogen*, she said,
The King at my Request, will make thee happy
In thy lov'd *Posthumus*.

Pisan. And did he then
Confirm the Promise, Madam ?

Imog. Yes, *Pisano*,
Ev'n in the tend'rest Manner :—The good Queen
Fix'd stedfastly on me her languid Eyes,
And kept them there, 'till quite depriv'd of Light,
The beamless Balls were clos'd by Death for ever.
With her, alas ! fled ev'ry Comfort from me !
Disquiet and Vexation, from that Hour,
Have been my bitter Portion.

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Pisan. May they soon
End in the Happiness such Worth deserves.
The Royal *Cymbeline*, o'ermaster'd now,
May yet be freed; Nature will waken in him;
And she who thus enslaves him, soon may lose
Her fascinating Power.

Imog. Yet will I hope.—
Hope is the noblest Passion of the Mind.
When dreary Sorrow casts its Shades around us,
The Cherub Hope kindles again the Beam
Of golden Joy, and dissipates the Gloom:
“By that supported, we Misfortunes brave,
“’Tis Health to the Diseas’d, and Freedom to the Slave.

[*Exit.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Queen commands your Presence.

Pisan. I obey her.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Vial.

[*Flow'rs;*]

Queen. Whilst yet the Dew's on Ground, gather those
Make haste—Who has the Note of them?

Lady. I, Madam,

Queen. Dispatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, good *Cornelius*, have you brought those Drugs?

Corn. I have, so please your Highness.—May I ask
Without Offence—my Conscience bids me ask—
Why you've commanded of me these Compounds,
So pois'nous in their Nature, tho' they're slow
In Operation, in the End they're deadly.

Queen. Thou mak'st a strange Demand;—have I not been
Thy Pupil long?—Vulgar Accomplishments,
To know Confections, to perfume, distill,
Are common to our sex. If yet I seek

To amplify my Judgment, to explore
The vegetable Treasures hid beneath
In Earth's remotest Cells;—it is to try
Their Force on various animals, none human;
And thence to prove their full Effects and Properties.

Corn. I like her not, nor will I trust her Malice
With Drugs of a pernicious Nature. [*Aside.*

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Here comes one,
On whom I mean to make the first Essay,
Unless I can dispose him to my Service.— [*Aside.*
Pisanio, hark. *Cornelius*, I discharge
Thy present Tendance.

Corn. I know her Spirit; what is there contain'd
Will stupifie, and dull the Sense awhile;
But there's no Danger in that shew of Death
It seems to make: like Sleep it will enchain
The Faculties, that when again they 'wake,
They shall be more reviv'd. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou?
Won't Time and thy Instructions quench her Folly?
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
Instant I'll make thee greater than thy Master.
His Fortunes all lie speechless, and his Name
Is at last Gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; to shift his Being
Is to exchange one Misery for another.

Pisan. Your Highness' Pardon:—Shou'd I interpose
In such high Matters?

Queen. She puts trust in thee;
Thou art a Courtier.—What can'st thou expect,
To be Depender on a Thing that leans?
Who cannot be new-built, and has no Friends
So much as but to prop him.—Thou tak'st up
[*Pisanio takes up the Vial.*
Thou

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Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy Labour.
From Death, five times, it has redeem'd the King.
I'll load thy Merit richly.—Call my Women.

[Exit Pisanio.

A sly and constant Knave, not to be shaken ;
Howe'er, I've giv'n him that, which if he taste,
Mortal Diseases follow.—So, 'tis well.

Enter Pisanio and Ladies with Baskets of Flowers.

The Cowslips, Violets, and Primroses,
Bear to my Closet. Fare thee well, *Pisanio*.

Think on my Words. [Exit Queen and Ladies.

Pisan. And on thy Actions too.

O harden'd Woman ! deaf to ev'ry Call,
To each soft Whisper of Humanity.
Shall I turn Villain, and betray my Master ?
Not to be circled with the golden Crown
Thy Artifice has gain'd.—Grant me, good Heav'n,
To wrap me up in my Integrity
As with a Robe.—And be one Courtier's Praise,
That if he rose, he rose by honest Ways.

End of the First Act;

A C T



A C T II.

S C E N E, Lucius's House.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Posth. **PHILARIO**, how shall I repay this Kindness! You've bound me to you by the strongest Ties; by those of Gratitude. To bring me back to *Britain* under the protecting Power of the noble *Lucius*, so near that Treasure of my Soul, my *Imogen*, is such an Alleviation to my Sorrows, that I will awhile forget them.

Phil. The Pleasure of having assisted, when in Distress, the Son of the brave *Sicillius*, overpays me. It was kind Heav'n that directed the Meeting of our *Ships*, to frustrate the Designs of the inhuman *Cymbeline*.

Posth. There was a Time, when I was favour'd by him.

Phil. My Heart rejoices when I think on the Accident by which we were known to each other. Your Father, who was my Fellow-Soldier, and to whom I have been indebted for no less than my Life, is ever in my Thoughts. When on your being told our *Ship* was *Roman*, you cried out, O that *Sicillius* were alive to defend my Country, tho' it disclaims unhappy me! I thought my Friend again reviv'd, with all the Bloom of Youth, as when I first beheld him.

Posth. Then did you clasp me, press'd me to your Bosom, call'd me the young *Sicillius*, kindly ask'd the Reason of that settled Gloom that overspread my Face; bid

bid me unveil my Grief, and swore by Friendship's holy Laws you'd strive to ease it. When I forget it, may all good Men despise me, and may my hated Name be rank'd among the Treacherous and Ungrateful.

Phil. Enough.—To serve a Friend in his Misfortunes, is Recompence sufficient. *Lucius*, who honours me with his Confidence, has assured me his House shall prove an *Ashlum* to you. I have already told him of your Sufferings, and he laments the alienated Affections of the King, to whom, when he was last in *Britain*, you appear'd so dear. Here comes the General.

Enter Lucius. [*Speaking to an Attendant at the Door.*]

Luc. Haste to the Court, *Servilius*. Inform *Trebonius* of my Arrival, and that I'm coming to demand an Audience. [*Exit Attendant.*] Come to my Arms, thou noble *Briton*!—Your Injuries touch me nearly; and I should disgrace the glorious Names of *Roman* and of Soldier, cou'd I behold neglected Merit languish, and yet refuse my friendly Hand to raise it.

Posth. This generous Treatment overwhelms me, Sir: No more I'll wonder why the *Roman* Name extends itself to Earth's extremest Limits; Virtue like yours must conquer all the World.—Methinks my Fate begins to soften; to be caress'd thus by the first of Warriors, makes me for a Moment forget my Sorrows, altho' divided from the dearest Wife that ever bound in golden Chains the Heart of Man.

Luc. My Presence is expected at the Palace. I'll leave you with *Philario*.—On my Return depend on such a Welcome as growing Friendship yields, when sensible of another's Worth. [*Exit.*]

Phil. Hope all things from the generous *Lucius*. I therefore beg you to assume a chearful Temper, and let me introduce you to two Gentlemen who came over with me from *Rome*, whose Fidelity I will answer for

with my Life; and whose Conversation may divert your Melancholy: We will together administer to your Distress, what Consolation we are able.—Here they come.

Enter Jachimo and a Frenchman.

I beseech you, Gentlemen, let this young Lord be entertain'd by you as suits with Persons of your knowing to a Stranger of his Quality. I commend him to you as a noble Friend of mine; how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter.

Frenchm. Have we not known each other, Sir, in Orleans?

Posth. We have. Since when I have been indebted to you for Courtesies, which I shall be ever yet to pay.

Frenchm. Sir, you over-rate my poor Kindness: I was glad I atton'd my Countryman and you; it had been Pity you had been put together with so mortal a Purpose as then each bore, upon a Matter of so slight and trivial a Nature.

Posth. Your Pardon, Sir; I was then, 'tis true, a young Traveller; but yet upon my mended Judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended) I think my Quarrel was not altogether so slight.

Frenchm. Faith yes, to be put to the Arbitrement of Swords.

Jach. Can we with Manners ask what was the Difference?

Frenchm. Safely I think. 'Twas a Contention in Publick, which may without Contradiction suffer the Report: It was much like an Argument we held last Night, where each of us fell in Praise of our Country Mistresses: This Gentleman at that time vouching (and upon a Warrant of bloody Affirmation) his to be more fair, wise, virtuous, chaste, constant, qualified, and less

less attemptable, than any of the rarest of our Ladies in *France*.

Jach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's Opinion, by this, worn out.

Posth. She holds her Virtue still, and I my Mind.

Jach. You must not prefer her 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Posth. Being as far provok'd, as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing; since I profess myself her Adorer.

Jach. As fair, as good, a kind of hand-in-hand Comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in *Britain*: she might be before others I have seen, as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld: but as I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, neither have you the chastest Lady.

Posth. I prais'd her as I rated her; so do I my Stone.

Jach. What do you esteem it at?

Posth. More than the World enjoys.

Jach. Either your *unparagon'd* Mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a Trifle.

Posth. You're mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were Wealth enough for the Purchase, or Merit for the Gift; the other is the Gift of the *Gods*.

Jach. Which the *Gods* have given you: —

Posth. Which, by their Graces I will keep.

Jach. You may wear her in Title yours, but you know, strange Fowl light upon neighbouring Ponds.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Posth. Sir, with all my heart.—This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no Stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Jach. With five times so much Conversation, I shou'd get ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back even to the yielding; had I Admittance and Opportunity to friend.

Posth. No, no. —

Jach. I dare thereupon pawn the Moiety of my Estate to your Ring, which in my Opinion overvalues it

something ; but I make my Wager rather against your Confidence than her Reputation ; and to bar your Offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the World.

Posth. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a Persuasion ; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you are worthy of by your Attempt.

Jach. What's that ?

Posth. A Repulse : tho' your Attempt, as you call it, deserves more ; a Punishment too.

Pbil. Gentlemen, enough of this ; it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born ; and I pray you be better acquainted.

Jach. Wou'd I had put my Estate and my Neighbour's on the Approbation of what I have spoken.

Posth. What Lady wou'd you chuse to assail ?

Jach. Yours, who in Constancy, you think, stands so safe : I will lay you ten thousand *Ducats* to your Ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the Opportunity of a second Conference, I will bring from thence that Honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Posth. My Lady is here in *Britain*, at *Cymbeline's* Palace : your Friend *Philario* knows my Story. I will write to her as residing at *Milford* ; and will wage Gold against your Gold ; my Ring I hold dear as my Finger, it is part of it.

Jach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser ; if you buy Lady's Flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting.

Posth. This is but a Custom in your Tongue ; you bear a graver Purpose, I hope.

Jach. I am the Master of my Speeches, and wou'd undergo what I have spoken, I swear.

Posth. Will you ? I shall but lend my Diamond 'till your Return : my Mistress exceeds in Goodness the Hugeness

Hugeness of your unworthy Thinking; I dare you to this Match; here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no Lay.

Jach. By the Gods, it is one. If I bring you sufficient Testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your Mistress, my ten thousand *Ducats* are mine, so is your Diamond too. If I come off and leave her in such Honour, as you have trust in, She, your Jewel; this, your Jewel, and my Gold are yours; provided I have your Commendation for my more free Entertainment.

Posth. I embrace these Conditions: let us have Articles betwixt us: only thus far you shall answer; if you make your Attempt upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy; She is not worth our Debate: If she remain uneduc'd, You, not making it appear otherwise, for your ill Opinion, and the Assault you have made against her Chastity, shall answer me with your Sword.

Jach. Your Hand: a Covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful Counsel, and then I'll to the Court: Lest the Bargain should catch cold and starve, I'll fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Posth. Agreed—
Gold is too mean a thing for such a Bet;
My Soul and Honour on her Truth I'd set. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lords at one Door; and at another, Lucius, Trebonius, and Attendants.

Cymb. Now say, what wou'd *Augustus Cæsar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæsar* (whose Remembrance yet Lives in Men's Eyes; and will to Ears and Tongues

Be Theme and Hearing ever) was in *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thy Uncle,
 (Famous in *Cæsar's* Praises) for himself
 And his Successors, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand Crowns; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And to kill the Marvail,
 Shall be so ever.

Cloten. There may be many *Cæsars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Britain* is
 A World by 'tself, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own Noses.

Queen. That Opportunity
 Which they had to take from us, to resume
 We have again. — Remember, *Cymbeline*,
 The Kings, your Royal Ancestors; think on
 The nat'ral Brav'ry of your *Isle*; which stands
 As *Neptune's* Park, ribbed and paled in
 With Rocks unscaleable and roaring Waters;
 With Sands that will not bear your Enemies' Boats,
 But suck 'em up to the Top-mast. — A Kind of Conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his Brag
 Of *Came*, and *Saw*, and *Overcame*. With Shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carry'd
 From off our Coast twice beaten; and his Ships
 Like Egg-shells, tost upon our terrible Seas,
 Were broke as easily upon our Rocks:
 For Joy whereof, the fam'd *Cassibelan*,
 Who once was at the Point to master *Cæsar*,
 Made *Lud's* Town with rejoicing Fires bright,
 And *Britons* strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid.
 Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and
 as I said, there are no more such *Cæsars*; others of 'em
 may have crook'd Noses, but to own such strait Arms,
 none.

Cymb. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Cassibelan*; I do not say I am one, but I have a Hand. Why Tribute? If *Cæsar* can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for Light; else, Sir, no more Tribute.

Cymb. 'Till the injurious *Roman* did extort this Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsar's* Ambition, Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch The Sides o' th' World; against all Colour, there Did put the Yoke on us; which to shake off Becomes a warlike People.—Say to *Cæsar*, Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, who Ordain'd our Laws; whose Use, the Sword of *Cæsar* Hath too much mangled, whose Repair and Franchise, Shall by the Pow'r we hold, be our good Deed, Tho' *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*, Who was the first of *Britain*, which did put His Brows within a golden Crown, and call'd Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, *Cymbeline*, That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*, (*Cæsar*, that has more Kings his Servants, than Thyself domestick Officers) thine Enemy. Receive it from me then.—War and Confusion, In *Cæsar's* Name, pronounce I 'gainst thee: Look For Fury not to be resisted.—Thus defy'd, I thank thee for myself.

Cymb. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*; Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; Part of my Youth Did I spend under him, and gather'd Honour; And he shall find in striving to regain it, We thought the Wreath was worth contending for. Besides, I'm not to learn, that the *Pannonians*, And the *Dalmatians*, for their Liberties Are now in Arms, a Precedent for *Britons*;

Which,

CYMBELINE.

Which, should they now neglect, would shew them cold;
So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let Proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make Pastime
with us a Day or two, or longer: If you seek us after-
wards on other Terms, you shall find us in our Salt-
Water-Girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours: If
you fall in the Adventure, our Crows shall fare the
better for you, and there's an End.

Cymb. I know your Master's Pleasure, and he mine.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter Imogen alone.

A Father cruel, and a Step-dame false;
A foolish Suitor to a wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd.—O, that Husband!
My supream Crown of Grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it—Had I been Thief-stolen,
As my two Brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the Degree that's glorious. Bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest Wills,
Which seasons Comfort.

Enter Pisanio and Jachimo.

Pisan. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*,
Comes from my Lord with Letters. [Exit *Pisanio*.]

Jach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Posthumus*, my Friend's in Safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imog. Thanks, good Sir;
You're kindly welcome.

Jach. All of her that is out of Door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a Mind so rare,

She

She is alone th' *Arabian Bird* ; and I
Have lost the Wager.—Boldness be my Friend ;
Arm me, Audacity, from Head to Foot ;
Or, like the *Parthian*, I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imog. [reads.] “ *He is one of the noblest Note, to
“ whose Kindnesses I am most infinitely tyed. Reflect
“ upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*
POSTHUMUS.”

So far I read aloud.
But ev'n the very Middle of my Heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have Words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Jach. Thanks, fairest Lady—
What ! are Men mad ? Hath Nature giv'n them Eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Cope
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the humbl'd Beach ? And can we not
Partition make, with Spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imog. What makes your Admiration ?

Jach. It cannot be i' th' Eye, nor yet i' th' Judgment;
For Idiots, in this Case of Favour, wou'd
Be wisely definite.

Imog. What is't, dear Sir,
Thus raps you ? are you well ?

Jach. Thanks, Madam, well. [seech you ?

Imog. Continues well my Lord ? His Health, be-

Jach. Well, Madam.

Imog. Is he dispos'd to Mirth ? I hope he is.

Jach. Exceeding pleasant, Madam, he is call'd
The *Eritish* Reveller.

Imog. When he was here

He

He did incline to Sadness, and oft'times
Not knowing why.

Jach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
Who doats upon a *Gallian* Girl at home;
Who furnishes your *Posthumus* with Mirth:
The jolly *Briton* laughs, while his Lungs can last;
Cries, Oh! can my Sides hold? To think a Man,
Who knows by History, Report, or his own Proof,
What Woman is, shou'd chuse to languish out
His Hours for assur'd Bondage

Imog. Will my Lord say so? [Laughter;

Jach. Ay, Madam, with his Eyes in Flood with
It is a Recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*; but Heav'n knows,
Some Men are much to blame.

Imog. Not he, I hope?

Jach. Not he. But yet Heav'n's Bounty might be us'd
More thankfully.—Possess'd of such a Treasure!—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imog. What do you pity, Sir?

Jach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imog. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what Wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your Pity?

Jach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I th' Dungeon by a Snuff?

Imog. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more Openness your Answers
To my Demands. Why do you pity me?

Jach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your — but
It is an Office of the Gods to 'venge it;
Not mine to speak on't.

Imog.

Imog. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
Since doubting Things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; discover to me
What you both spur and stop.

Jach. Had I this Cheek
To bath my Lips upon; this Hand, whose Touch,
Whose ev'ry Touch would force the Feeler's Soul
To th' Oath of Loyalty; this Object, which
Takes Pris'ner the wild Motion of mine Eye,
Fixing it only here; shou'd I (damp'd Thought!)
Slaver with Lips as common as the Stairs
That mount the Capitol; join Gripes with Hands
Made hard with hourly Falshood as with Labour?
Then glad myself by gazing on an Eye
Base and unlust'rous? Who does this, 'twere fit
That all the Plagues of Hell, shou'd at one Time
Encounter such Revolt.

Imog. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain*.

Jach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this Intelligence, pronounce
The Begg'ry of this Change; but 'tis your Graces,
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my Tongue,
Charms this Report out.

Imog. Let me hear no more. [Heart

Jach. O dearest Soul! your Cause doth strike my
With Pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an Empery
Would make the greatest King's Revenue double.—
Shou'd you be partner'd with diseased Ventures,
That play with all Infirmities, for Gold,
Which Rottenness lends Nature?—Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.

Imog. Reveng'd, alas!
How shou'd I be reveng'd, if this be true?

(As I have such a Heart, that both mine Ears
Must not in haste abuse;) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?

Jach. Shou'd he make me
Live like *Diana's* Priestesses 'twixt cold Sheets,
While he is vaulting variable Ramps
In your Despight, and with your Purse? Revenge it:—
I dedicate myself to your sweet Pleasure,
More noble than that Runagate to your Bed,
And will continue fast to your Affections,
Still close as sure.

Imog. What ho! *Pisanio*!

Jach. Let me my Service tender on your Lips.

Imog. Away!—I do condemn mine Ears, that have
So long attended thee: If thou wer't honourable,
Thou wou'd'st have told this Tale for Virtue, not
For such an End thou seek'st, as base as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy Report, as thou from Honour; and
Sollicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What, ho, *Pisanio*!
The King, my Father, shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy Stranger in his Court, to mart
As in a *Romish* Stew, and to expound
His beastly Mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom
He not respects at all.—What, ho, *Pisanio*!—

Jach. O happy Friend!

Thy faithful *Imogen* deserves thy Love;
And thy most perfect Goodness well rewards
Her assur'd Credit!—May you long live blest!
Pardon the strange Presumption of my Tongue;
It was to prove if your affianc'd Vows
Were deeply rooted. *Posthumus* is one,
The truest manner'd, such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him;
Men's Hearts are his.

Imog.

Imog. You seem to make amends.

Jach. He sits 'mong Men like a descended *God*;
He hath a Kind of Honour sets him off,
More than a Mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd,
To try your taking of a false Report, which hath
Honour'd with Confirmation your great Judgment,
In the Election of a Sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The Love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the *Gods* made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your Pardon.

Imog. All's well, Sir; take my Pow'r i' th' Court for yours.

Jach. My humble Thanks. I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a small Request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; myself, and other noble Friends
Are Partners in the Business.

Imog. Pray, what is't?

Jach. Some Dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Best Feather of our Wing,) have mingled Sums
To buy a Present for the *Emperor*,
Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done;
'Tis Plate of curious Workmanship, and Jewels
Of rich and exquisite Form, their Value great,
And, I am something curious, being a Stranger,
To have 'em in safe Custody: May't please you
To take them in Protection.

Imog. Willingly;
And pawn mine Honour for their Safety. Since
My Lord hath Int'rest in them, I will keep them
Within my Closet.

Jach. They are in a Chest,
Attended by my Men; I will make bold
To send them instantly.—But for this Night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imog. O no, no.

Jach. The Time calls on me; I must wait on th'
To tender him our Presents.—If you greet [Emp'r or
Your Lord with Letters, write them straight.

Imog. I will.
The Night grows on us; fare you well, my Lord.
Send your Chest to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you.

Jach. [*Looking after her*] I humbly thank
Your Highness.— [Exit Imogen.
Whither Eyes!—where wou'd you wander?
They're lost in viewing her supream Perfections.
My Soul is fled to *Imogen's* fair Bosom.
The *Dragon* that shou'd watch th' *Hesperian* Fruit
Is lull'd asleep.—Suspicion wakes no more.
The Chest conveys me.—So, deluded *Troy*
Receiv'd the fatal Engine big with *Greeks*,
And soon Destruction follow'd. [Exit.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever Man had such Luck! when I
kiss'd the Jack upon an Upcast to be hit away! I had a
hundred Pound upon't: and then a whoreson Jack-
anapes must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed
my Oaths of him, and might not spend 'em at my
Pleasure.

1st Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his
Pate with your Bowl.

2d Lord. If his Wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out. [Aside.

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear, it is
not for any Standers-by to curtail his Oaths. Ha?

2d Lord. No my Lord—nor crop the Ears of 'em.

Clot. Whoreson Dog! I give him Satisfaction! Wou'd
he had been one of my Rank!

2d Lord. To have smelt him like a Fool. [Aside.

Clot. I am not more vexed at any thing in the
Earth,—A Pox on't! I had rather not be so noble

as

as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother ; every Jack-slave hath his Belly-full of fighting, and I must go up and down, like a Cock that nobody can match.

2d Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every Companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that : but it is fit I should commit Offence to my Inferiors.

2d Lord. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1st Lord. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to-night ?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't !

2d Lord. He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1st Lord. There's an *Italian* come, and it's thought one of *Posthumus's* Friends.

Clot. *Posthumus* is a banished Rascal ; and he's another whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger ?

1st Lord. One of your Lordship's Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? Is there no Derogation in it ?

2d Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I think.

2d Lord. You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian* ; what I have lost to-day at Bowls, I'll win to-night of him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A magnificent Bed-Chamber.*

Imogen discovered reading in her Bed ; Helen attending.

Imog. Who's there ?—My Woman *Helen* ?

Hel. Please you, Madam. [*sent ?*]

Imog. Where have you plac'd the Chest the Stranger

Hel. In yonder Closet as you order'd, Madam.

[*Pointing to the Closet.*]

Imog. What Hour is it ?

Hel. Almost Midnight, Madam.

Imog. Mine Eyes are weak,
Fold down the Leaf where I have left ;—to Bed—
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning :
And if thou canst awake by four o'Clock,
Ipr'ytheecall me.--Sleep has seiz'd me wholly. [*Ex. Hel.*
To your Protection I commend me, *Gods* ;
From Fairies and the Tempters of the Night ;
Guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps.*

Jachimo comes from the Closet.

Jach. The Crickets sing, and Man's o'erlabour'd Sense
Repairs itself by Rest.—Our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded.—*Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed ! Fresh Lilly,
And whiter than the Sheets ! that I might touch !—
But kifs, one Kifs !—Rubies unparagon'd !—
How dearly they send forth the rich Perfume,
That by her breathing fills the Chamber thus !
The Flame o' th' Taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her Lids,
To see th' inclosed Light, now canopy'd
Under these Windows : White, with Azure lac'd,
The Blue of Heaven's own tinct—But my Design's
To note the Chamber—I will write all down,—
Such, and such, Pictures—there, the Window ;—such
Th' Adornment of her Bed :—the Arras—Figures
Ah ! but some nat'ral Notes about her Body,
Above Ten Thousand meaner Moveables
Wou'd testify, t' enrich my Inventory.
O Sleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her !
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chapel lying !—Come off, come off—

[*Taking off her Eracelet.*

As

C Y M B E L I N E.

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As slippery as the *Gordian* Knot was hard :—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience does within,
To th' Madding of her Lord.—On her left Breast
A Mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson Drops
I' th' Bottom of a Cowslip. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger than ever Law cou'd make :—This Secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the Lock, and ta'en
The Treasure of her Honour.—She's been reading
The Tale of *Tereus*; here's the Leaf turn'd down,
Where *Philomele* gave up—I have enough.—
To the Chest again, and shut the Spring of it.
Swift, swift, ye Dragons of the Night! that Dawn
May bear the Raven's Eye. I lodge in Fear;
Tho' that's a heav'nly Angel, Hell is here.

[*Goes into the Closet; the Scene shuts.*]

End of the Second Act.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Ambassador's House.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Posth. **F**EAR it not, Sir; I wou'd I were so sure
To win the King; as I am bold her Honour
Will remain hers.

But I must still abide the Change of Time,
Quake in the present Winter's State, and wish
That warmer Days wou'd come; in these poor Hopes,
I do but barely gratify your Love;
They failing, I shall die your Debtor much.

Phil. Your Goodness, and your Company o'er pays me.
But here comes *Jachimo*.

Enter Jachimo.

Jach. Your Lady, Sir,
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Posth. And therewithal the best; or let her Beauty
Look thro' a Casement to allure false Hearts,
And be false with them.

Jach. Here are Letters for you.

Posth. Their Tenour good, I trust.

Jach. 'Tis very like.

Posth. Sparkles this Stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good Wearing?

Jach.

CYMBELINE.

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Jach. If I've lost it,
I shou'd have lost the Worth of it in Gold ;
But as it is, both Gold and Ring are mine.

Posth. The Stone's too hard to come by.

Jach. Not a Whit,
Your Lady being so easy.

Posth. Make not, Sir,
Your Loss, your Sport ; I hope you know, that we
Must not continue Friends.

Jach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep Covenant : Had I not brought
The Knowledge of your Mistress back, I grant
We were to question farther ; but I now
Profess myself the Winner of her Honour,
Together with your Ring, and not the Wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your Wills.

Posth. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in Bed, my Hand
And Ring are yours ; if not, the foul Opinion,
You had of her pure Honour, gains or loses
Your Sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Jach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so near the Truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe ; whose Strength
I will confirm with Oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Posth. Proceed.

Jach. First her Bed-chamber,—
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but profess,
Had that was well worth watching) it was hung
With Tapestry of Silk, and Silver ; the Story,
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cydus* swell'd above the Banks, or for
The Press of Boats, or Pride :—A Piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive

In Workmanship and Value ; which, I wonder'd,
Cou'd be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true Life on't was——

Posth. Why, this is true :
And this you might have heard of, here by me,
Or by some other.

Jach. More Particulars
Must justify my Knowledge.

Posth. So they must,
Or do your Honour Injury.

Jach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber ; and the Chimney-piece,
Chast *Dian* bathing : Never saw I Figures
So likely to report themselves ; the Cutter
(Such was his Art) seems to have o'ertook Nature,
Motion and Breath left out.

Posth. This is a thing,
Which you might from Relation likewise learn ;
Being, as 'tis, much spoke of.

Jach. The Roof o' th' Chamber
With golden Cherubims is fretted : Th' Andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of Silver, each on one Foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Posth. What's this t' her Honour ?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your Remembrance, the Description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The Wager you have laid.

Jach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*]
Be pale ; I beg but leave to air this *Jewel* ; see !—
And now 'tis up again ; it must be married
To that your Diamond.—I'll keep them.

Posth. *Jove !*
Once more let me behold it : Is it that,
Which I left with her ?

Jach. Sir, I thank her, That :
She stripp'd it from her Arm, I see her yet,

Her

Her pretty Action did outsell her Gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Posth. She pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Jach. She writes so to you, does she?

Posth. O no, no, no; 'tis true.—Here, take this too;
[Giving his Ring.

It is a *Basilisk* unto mine Eye,
Kills me to look on't; let there be no Honour,
Wherethere is Beauty; Truth, where Semblance; Love,
Where there's another Man.—The Vows of Women
Of no more Bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!—

Phil. Have Patience, Sir,
And take your Ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her Women, being corrupted,
Might not have stol'n it from her?

Posth. Very true,
And so, I hope, he came by't;—back my Ring:—
Render to me some corp'ral Sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.

Jach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her Arm.

Posth. Hark you, he swears! by *Jupiter* he swears!—
'Tis true,—nay keep the Ring.—'Tis true; I'm sure
She cou'd not lose it; her Attendants are
All honourable;—they induc'd to steal it!—
And by a Stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her.—
The Cognizance of her Incontinency
Is this, she hath bought the Name of Whore thus dearly.
There, take thy Hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you!—

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of—

Posth. Never talk on't;
She's false, *Philario*, perjur'd—

Jach. If you seek
For farther Satisfaction; on her Breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my Life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present Hunger
To feed again, tho' full. You do remember
This Stain upon her?

Posth. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another Stain, as big as Hell can hold.—
O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i' th' Court, before
Her Father.—I'll do something.— [Exit,

Phil. Quite besides
The Government of Patience! You have won.—
Let's follow him and avert the present Wrath
He hath against himself.

Jach. With all my Heart. [Exeunt,

Re-enter Posthumus.

Posth. Is there no Way for Men to be, but Women
Must be Half-Workers: we are Bastards all;
And that most venerable Man, I once
Did deem my Father, was I know not where
When I was stamp't; and yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that Time; so doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this!—Oh, Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawful Pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft' Forbearance; did it with
A Pudency so rosie, the sweet View on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the Devils.
This yellow *Jachimo* in an Hour—was't not?—
Or less; perchance at first?—Cou'd I find out
The Woman's Part in me—for there's no Motion

That

That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm
 It is the Woman's Part; be't Lying, note it,
 The Woman's—Flatt'ring, hers; Deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank Thoughts, hers, hers; Revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, Covetings, Change of Prides, Disdain,
 Nice Longings, Slanders, Mutability;
 All Faults that may be nam'd, nay that Hell knows,
 Why her's, in part, or all; but rather all;--for ev'n to Vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One Vice but of a Minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. To curse them is in vain.
 He who detests the Sex, should rather pray
 That they may have their own fantastic Will;
 The very Devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

S C E N E, Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, Trebonius,
 and Lords.

Cymb. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir.

My *Emperor* hath wrote; I must from hence;
 And am right sorry, that I must report you
 My Master's Enemy.

Cymb. Our Subjects, Sir,
 Will not endure his Yoke; and for Ourself
 To shew less Sov'reignty than they, must needs
 Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. All I now request
 Is a safe Conduct over Land to *Milford*;
 And that *Trebonius*, as my Harbinger,
 May freely pass your Tents.

Cymb. It is our Will,
 The Lords we have appointed for that Office
 Shou'd in no Part omit your Due of Honour.

Attend

Attend *Trebonius* 'till he's past the Field,
Where we have spread our Camp. [*Ex. a Lord and Treb.*

Luc. Your Hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.

Luc. Th' Event

Is yet to name the Winner.—Health attend
Your Majesty.

Cymb. Lords, leave not noble *Lucius*,
'Till he has cross'd the *Severn*. Fare you well.

[*Ex. Lucius and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning, but it honours us
That we have giv'n him Cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant *Britons* have their Wishes in it.

Cymb. *Lucius* has wrote already to *Augustus*
How it goes here; it fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in Readiness;
The Pow'rs that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His War for *Britain*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy Business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cymb. Our Expectation that it shou'd be thus,
Has made us forward: let the Front of War
Extend itself; we're ready for th' Encounter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pisanio, reading a Letter.

Pisan. How! of Adult'ry? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters have accus'd her? *Posthumus*!
Oh, Master, what a strange Infection
Is fall'n into thy Ear? who hath prevail'd
On thy too ready Hearing? Disloyal? no,
She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
More *Goddes-like*, than Wife-like, such Assaults
As wou'd take in some Virtue. Oh, my Master!

Thy

Thy Mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy Fortunes.—How? that I shou'd murder her!
 Upon the Love and Truth and Vows, which I
 Have made to thy Command!—I, her!—her Blood!
 If it be so to do good Service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable.—How look I,
 That I shou'd seem to lack Humanity
 So much as this Fact comes to? [*Reads.*] “Do't--the Letter
 “That I have sent her, by her own Command
 “Shall give thee Opportunity.”—Damn'd Paper!
 Black as the Ink that's on thee: senseless Bauble!
 Art thou a Foedarie for this Act, and look'st
 So Virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen and Helen.

Imog. 'Tis lost! but how I know not.—*Helen*, haste,
 Search for a Jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine Arm.—It was thy Master's; shrew me,
 If I wou'd lose it for a Revenue
 Of any King in *Europe*. I do think
 I saw't this Morning; confident I am,
 Last Night 'twas on my Arm; I kissed it.
 I hope it be not gone to tell my Lord
 That I kiss aught but him.

Helen. 'Twill not be lost.

Imog. I hope so, go and search.— [*Exit Helen.*
 How now, *Pisano*?

Pisan. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imog. Thy Lord! that is my Lord! my *Posthumus*!
 Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astrologer
 That knew the Stars, as I his Characters:
 He'd lay the Future open.—You good *Gods*,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of Love,
 Of my Lord's Health, of his Content,—yet not
 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him!
 Some Grievs are med'cinable.—Wax, thy Leave,
 Blest be the Bees, that make these Locks of Counsel.

CYMBELINE.

[Reads] *Justice and your Father's Wrath, shou'd be take me in his Dominion; could not be so cruel to me; but you, ob the dearest of Creatures, wou'd ev'n renew me with your Eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own Love will out of this advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all Happiness, that remains loyal to his Vow, and yours increasing in Love.* Posthumus.

Oh, for a Horse with Wings!—Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*? He is at *Milford-Haven*: read and tell me How far 'tis thither.—If one of mean Affairs May plod it in a Week, why may not I Glide thither in a Day? then, true *Pisanio*, Who long'st like me to see thy Lord; who long'st,—(Oh, let me 'bate) but not like me; yet long'st,—But in a fainter kind—Oh, not like me; For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, how far 'tis To this said blessed *Milford*: and by th' Way, Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as T' inherit such a Haven. But first of all, How we may steal from hence? And for the Gap That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going 'Till our Return, t' excuse—I prythee speak, How many Score of Miles may we well ride 'Twixt Hour and Hour?

Pisan. One Score 'twixt Sun and Sun, Madam's; enough for you; and too much too.

Imog. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man, Cou'd never go so slow: I've heard of Wagers, Where Horses have been nimbler than the Sands That run i' th' Clock's Behalf.—But this is Fool'ry. Go, bid my Woman feign a Sicknesh, say, She'll home t' her Father: and provide me present A Riding-suit, no costlier than wou'd fit A Franklin's Housewife.

Pisan. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imog. So I do.

It

It is my Husband calls; he bids me fly
 To chear his comfortless, and mournful Steps;
 'Tis for my sake, he wanders thus forlorn! —
 I come, O *Posthumus*!—On thee reclin'd
 I shall forget that *Cymbeline* is cruel. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, a Forest with a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Belar. A goodly Day!—See, Boys, this lowly Roof
 Instructs you how t' adore the Heav'ns, and bows you
 To Morning's holy Office. Gates of Monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that Giants may jet thro',
 And keep their impious *Turbands* on, without
 Good-morrow to the Sun.—Hail, thou fair Heav'n!
 We house i' th' Rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder Livers do.

Guid. Hail Heav'n!

Arvir. Hail Heav'n!

Belar. Now for our Mountain sport; up to yon Hill,
 Your Legs are young: I'll tread these Flats.—Consider,
 When you, above, perceive me like a Crow,
 That it is *Place* that lessens, and sets off;
 And you may then revolve what Tales I told you,
 Of Courts, of Princes, of the Tricks in War;
 That Service is not Service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a Profit from all things we see:
 And often to our Comfort shall we find
 The sharded Beetle in a safer Hold,
 Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh, this Life
 Is nobler than attending for a Check;
 Richer than doing nothing for vain Titles;
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for Silk.

Guid. Out of your Proof you speak; we, poor unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from View o' th' Nest; nor know
 G What

What Air's from Home. Haply, this Life is best,
 If quiet Life is best, sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff Age; but unto us, it is
 A Cell of Ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
 A Prison, for a Debtor that not dares
 To stride a Limit.

Arvir. What shall we speak of,
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The Rain and Wind beat dark *December*? How,
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing Hours away? We have seen nothing;
 We're beastly; subtle as the Fox for Prey;
 As warlike as the Wolf for what we eat:
 Our Valour is to chase what flies; our Cage
 We make a Choir, as doth the prison'd Bird,
 Who freely sings, yet pants, and beats his Wings
 Impatient of Restraint, tho' fed to the full.

Belar. Did you but know the City's Usuries,
 And felt them knowingly; the Art o' th' Court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose Top to climb
 Is certain falling; or so slipp'ry, that
 The Fear's as bad as falling; the Toil of War,
 A Pain, that only seems to seek out Danger
 I' th' Name of Fame and Honour; which dies i' th' Search,
 And hath as oft' a stand'rous Epitaph,
 As Record of fair Act.—Oh, Boys, this Story
 The World may read in me: my Body's mark'd
 With *Roman* Swords; and my Report was once
 First with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
 And when a Soldier was the Theme, my Name
 Was not far off: then was I as a Tree,
 Whose Boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one Night,
 A Storm, or Robb'ry, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow Hangings, nay my Leaves;
 And left me bare to Weather.

Guid. Uncertain Favour!

Belar.

Belar. My Fault being nothing, as I have told you oft',
 But that two Villains (whose false Oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect Honour) swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was Confed'rate with the *Romans*: so,
 Follow'd my Banishment; and, these twenty Years,
 This Rock, and these Demeafnes have been my World;
 Where I have liv'd at honest Freedom; paid
 More pious Debts to Heaven, than in all
 The Fore-end of my Time.—But up to th' Mountains:
 This is not Hunter's Language; he that strikes
 The Venifon firft, fhall be the Lord o' th' Feaft;
 To him the other two fhall minifter,
 And we will fear no Poifon, which attends
 In place of greater State: I'll meet you i' th' Vallies.

Arvir. We go, my Lord. Why are we thus confin'd
 To war with Beasts, when we wou'd ftrike at Men?

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*]

Belar. How hard it is to hide the Sparks of Nature!
 Thefe Boys know little they are Sons to th' King;
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
 They think they're mine. Altho' train'd up thus meanly,
 I' th' Cave, wherein they bow, their Thoughts do hit
 The Roof of Palaces; and Nature prompts them,
 In fimple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the Trick of others. This *Paladour*,
 (The Heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
 The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*) *Jove*!
 When on my Three-foot-ftool I fit, and tell
 The warlike Feats I've done, his Spirits fly out
 Into my Story: fay, thus mine Enemy fell,
 And thus I fet my Foot on's Neck;—ev'n then
 The princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he fweats,
 Strains his young Nerves, and puts himfelf in Pofture
 That acts my Words.—The younger Brother, *Cadwall*,
 (Once *Arviragus*) in as like a Figure,
 Strikes Life into my Speech, and fhews much more
 His own conceiving.—Hark! the Game is rouz'd.—

Oh *Cymbeline*! Heav'n and my Conscience know,
 Thou did'st unjustly banish me; whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these Babes;
 Thinking, thereby, to bar thee of Succession,
 As thou unjustly rest'st me of my Lands. [Exit.

S C E N E, *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

[the Place

Imog. Thou told'st me, when we came from Horse,
 Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my Mother so
 To see me first, as I do now.—*Pisanio*,
 Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy Mind
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that Sigh
 From th' Inward of thee? One but painted thus
 Wou'd be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond Self-explication. Put thyself
 Into a 'Haviour of less Fear, ere Wildness
 Vanquish my Stayder Senses.—What's the Matter?
 Why offer'st thou that Paper to me, with
 A Look untender? If't be Summer News,
 Smile to't before; if Winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that Count'nance still.—My Husband's Hand?
 I fear all is not well.—Speak, Man; thy Tongue
 May take off some Extremity, which to read
 Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Pisan. Please you read;
 And you shall find me, wretched Man, a Thing
 The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imog. [Reads] *Thy Mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the
 Strumpet in my Bed; the Testimonies whereof lie
 bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak Surmises,
 but from Proof as strong as my Grief, and as cer-
 tain as I expect my Revenge. That Part thou, Pi-
 sanio, must act for me, if thy Faith be not tainted
 with the Breach of hers; let thine Hands take away
 her*

her Life: I shall give thee Opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my Letter for the Purpose; where if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her Dishonour, and equally to me disloyal. [Faints.

Pisan. What shall I need to draw my Sword? The Hath cut her Throat already.--No, 'tis Slander, [Paper Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue Out-venoms all the Worms of Nile; whose Breath Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belye All Corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States, Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave, This vip'rous Slander enters. What Chear, Madam?

Imog. False to his Bed! What is it to be false? To lye in watch there, and to think of him? To weep 'twixt Clock and Clock? If Sleep charge Nature, To break it with a fearful Dream on him, And cry myself awake? That, false to's Bed!

Pisan. Alas, good Lady!

Imog. I false? thy Conscience witness, *Jachimo*— Thou did'st accuse him of Incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a Villain; now, methinks, Thy Favour's good enough. Some *Jay* of *Italy* (Whose Beauty was her Painting) hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a Garment out of Fashion; And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' Walls, I must be ript:—To pieces with me:—Oh, Men's Vows are Women's Traytors.—All good seeming By thy Revolt, oh Husband, shall be thought Put on for Villainy; not born, where't grows; But worn, a Bait for Ladies.

Pisan. Madam, hear me—

Imog. True honest Men, being heard, like false *Aneas*, Were in his Time thought false; And *Sinon's* Weeping Did scandal many a holy Tear; took Pity From most true Wretchedness. So thou, *Posthumus*, Wilt lay the Leven to all proper Men;

Goodly

Goodly and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd
 From thy great Fail. Come, Fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy Master's Bidding : when thou seest him,
 A little witness my Obedience. Look !
 I draw the Sword myself ; take it, and hit
 The innocent Mansion of my Love, my Heart ;
 Fear not, 'tis empty of all Things, but Grief ;
 Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
 The Riches of it. Do his Bidding, strike ;—
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better Cause,
 But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pisan. Hence, vile Instrument !
 Thou shalt not damn my Hand.

Imog. Why, I must die ;
 And if I do not by thy Hand, thou art
 No Servant of thy Master's. 'Gainst Self-Slaughter
 There is a Prohibition so Divine,
 That cravens my weak Hand : Come, here's my Heart,
 Pr'ythee dispatch ; the Lamb entreats the Butcher.
 Thou art too slow to do thy Master's Bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pisan. O gracious Lady !
 Since I receiv'd Command to do this Business,
 I have not slept one Wink.

Imog. Do't, and to Bed then.

Pisan. I'll break mine Eye-Balls first.

Imog. Ah, wherefore then
 Did'st undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many Miles with a Pretence ? this Place ?
 Mine Action, and thine own ? our Horses' Labour ?
 The Time inviting thee ? the perturb'd Court
 For my being absent ? whereunto I never
 Purpose Return. Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy Stand,
 Th' elected Deer before thee ?

Pisan. But to win Time
 To lose so bad Employment, in the which,

I have

I have consider'd of a Course; good Lady,
Hear me with Patience.

Imog. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak,
I've heard I am a Strumpet, and mine Ear,
(Therein false struck) can take no greater Wound,
Nor Tent to bottom that.

Pisan. It cannot be
But that my Master is abus'd; some Villain,
And singular in his Art, has done you both
This cursed Injury.

Imog. Some Courtezan.

Pisan. No, on my Life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody Sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I shou'd do so. You shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imog. Why, good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my Life what Comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pisan. If you'll back to th' Court.—

Imog. No Court, no Father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple Nothing, *Cloten*,
That *Cloten*, whose Love-Suit hath been to me
As fearful as a Siege.

Pisan. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you 'bide.

Imog. Where then?
Has *Britain* all the Sun that shines? Day, Night,
Are they not but in *Britain*? Pr'ythee, think
There's living out of *Britain*.

Pisan. I'm most glad
You think of other Place: th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. Now, if you cou'd wear a Mien
Dark as your Fortune is, haply you'll find
The Residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh at least,

That

That tho' his Actions were not visible,
Report shou'd render him hourly to your Ear;
As truly as he moves.

Imog. O! for such Means,
Tho' Peril to my Modesty, not Death on't;
I wou'd adventure.

Pisan. Well then, here's the Point:
You must forget to be a Woman, change
Command into Obedience; Fear and Niceness
(The Handmaids of all Women, or, more truly
Woman its pretty self,) to waggish Courage;
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek;
Exposing it, (but, oh, the harder Hap!
Alack, no Remedy) to the greedy Touch
Of Common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty Trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

Imog. Nay, be brief;
I see into thy End, and am almost
A Man already.

Pisan. Make yourself like one.
'Forethinking this, I have already brought
(They're in my Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them.—Then present yourself
'Fore noble *Lucius*, and desire his Service.

Imog. *Pisano*, thou'rt at present all the Comfort
The *Gods* will here afford me.—This Attempt
I'm Soldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's Courage.—Haste away, I pr'ythee.

Pisan. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell.
Accept this Vial, the *Queen* gave it me;
What's in't is precious: if you're sick, taste this,
'Twill drive away Distemper.—To some Shade,
And fit you to your Manhood.—May the Gods
Direct you to the best!—I must to Court:
And tho' I fear the Fury of the King,
Yet shall this Hand forth from my Bosom tear

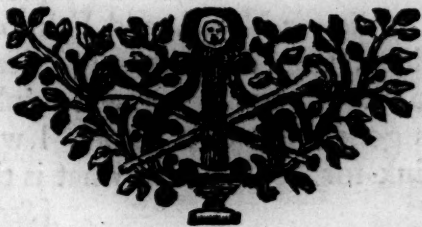
My

My seated Heart, ere I'll betray your Flight.
Safe may your wander, safe again return.

[Exit Pisanio.]

Imog. And can'st thou, *Posthumus*, believe me false?
O fatal Jealousy, thou raging Fiend!
How did'st thou find an Entrance to that Breast,
Where *Love's* soft *God* inhabits? Joy, and Peace,
And mutual Tenderneſs are his Companions:
But Thou bring'st with thee ſuch a jarring Train
Of Doubts and Racks, Deſpair and Agonies,
They make the Mind the Seat of Deſolation.
Who harbours thee, a dreadful Change ſhall feel;
For what was Heav'n before, becomes a Hell.

End of the Third Act.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in Boy's Cloaths.

Imog. I SEE a Man's Life is a tedious one ; [Bed.—
I've tir'd my self, and made the Ground my
I shou'd be sick, but for my Resolution.

Milford, when from the Mountain thou wert shewn me,
Thou wert within a Ken. O *Jove* ! I think
Foundations fly the Wretched ; such, I mean,
Where they shou'd be reliev'd.—Two Beggars told me
I cou'd not miss my Way.—Will poor Folks lie,
That have Afflictions on them ? knowing 'tis
A Punishment, or Tryal ? Yes ; no Wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fullness
Is sorer, than to lie for Need ; and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, than Beggars.—My dear Lord !
Thou'rt one o' th' Falsse-ones ; now I think on thee,
My Hunger's gone ; but ev'n before, I was
At Point to sink for Food.—But what is this ?

[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a Path to't.—'Tis some savage Hold ;
'Twere best not call ; I dare not call ; yet Famine,
Ere it o'erthrows weak Nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and Peace breed Cowards.—Hardness ever
Of Hardiness is Mother.—Ho ! —who's here ?
If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,

Take,

Take, or yield Food.—No Answer? Then I'll enter:
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 But fear the Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Grant such a Foe, good Heavens!

[Goes into the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

[Woodman;

Belar. You, *Paladour*, to-day have prov'd best
 You're Master of the Feast: *Cadwall* and I
 Will play the Cook, and Servant; 'tis our Match:
 Our Stomachs make what's homely sav'ry: Weariness
 Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth
 Finds the down Pillow hard.—Now, Peace be here,
 Poor house that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arvir. I'm weak with Toil, yet strong in Appetite.

Guid. There is cold Meat i' th' Cave.

Belar. Stay, come not in;— [Looking in.
 But that it eats our Victuals, I shou'd think
 It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the Matter, Sir?—

Belar. By *Jupiter*! an Angel; or if not,
 An earthly Paragon. Behold Divineness,
 No elder than a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imog. Good Masters, harm me not;
 Before I enter'd here I call'd; and thought [troth,
 T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good
 I have stol'n naught, nor wou'd not, tho' I'd found
 Gold strew'd o' th' Floor. Here's Money for my Meat;
 I wou'd have left it on the Board, so soon
 As I had made my Meal, and parted thence
 With Pray'rs for the Provider!—

Guid. Money, Youth?

Arvir. All Gold and Silver rather turn to Dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imog. I see you're angry;
Know, if you kill me for my Fault, I shou'd
Have dy'd had I not made it.

Belar. Whither bound?

Imog. To *Milford-Haven*.

Belar. What's your Name?

Imog. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: he embark'd at *Milford*;
To whom being going, almost spent with Hunger,
I'm fal'n in this Offence.

Belar. Pr'ythee, fair Youth,
Think us no Churls, nor measure our good Minds
By this rude Place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost Night, you shall have better Cheer
Ere you depart, and Thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him Welcome.

Guid. Were you a Woman, Youth,
I shou'd wooe hard, but be your Groom in Honesty;
I bid for you as I do buy.

Arvir. I'll make't my Comfort,
He is a Man: I'll love him as my Brother:
And such a Welcome as I'd give to him,
After long Absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imog. [*Aside.*] 'Mongst Friends,
If Brothers;—Wou'd it had been so, that they
Had been my Father's Sons! then had my Price
Been less, and so more equal ballancing
To thee, *Posthumus*.

Belar. He wrings at some Distress.

Guid. Wou'd I cou'd free't!

Arvir. Or, I, whate'er it be,
What Pain it cost, what Danger, Gods!

Belar. Hark, Boys.

[*Whispering.*
Imog.

Imog. Great Men,
That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the Virtue
Which their own Conscience seal'd them ; laying by
That Nothing-Gift of deferring Multitudes,
Cou'd not out-peer these twain.—Pardon me, Gods !
I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them,
Since *Posthumus* is false.

Belar. It shall be so :
Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair Youth, come in ;
Discourse is heavy fasting ; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So far as thou wilt speak.

Guid. I pray, draw near. [less welcome.

Arvir. The Night to th' Owl, and Morn to th' Lark,
[*Exeunt into the Cave.*

Enter Cloten in Posthumus' Cloaths.

Clot. I love and hate this *Imogen*. She's fair and royal, therefore I love her : but disdainng me, and throwing Favours on the low *Posthumus*, slanders so her Judgment, that what's else rare is chok'd ; and in that Point I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed to be reveng'd upon her.—I have stolen from Court ; and in *Posthumus's* Garb ; and if *Pisanio*, whom by Threats I compell'd to help me to this Disguise, have mapp'd it truly, I am near to the Place where he and *Imogen* should meet. How fit his Garments serve me ! Why shou'd his Mistress, who was made by him that made the Taylor, not be fit too ? The Lines of my Body are as well drawn as his ; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, above him in Birth, and yet this foolish Creature loves him in my Despight.—What Mortality is ! *Posthumus*, thy Head, which is now growing on thy Shoulders, shall within this Hour be off, thy Mistress enforc'd, thy Garments cut to pieces before her Face. My Horse is ty'd up safe : Out Sword
[*Draws*

[*Draws his Sword*] and to a fore Purpose. Fortunes put them into my Hand! This is the very Description of their Meeting-Place, and the Fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

Enter from the Cave Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Belar. You are not well: 'twere best remain i'th' Cave.

Arvir. Do, Brother, pray stay there: are we not Brothers?

Imog. So Man and Man, methinks, indeed shou'd be;
But Clay and Clay differs in Dignity,
Whose Dust is both alike. I'm very sick.
Leave me, my Friends; stick to your Journal course;
The breach of Custom is the breach of all.
I'm ill, but your being by cannot amend me.
Society, to one not sociable,
Can be no Comfort.—Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee, I have spoke it;
How much the Quantity, I will not say.—

Arvir. I love thee too; I own I know not why
I love thee, Youth—And I have heard you say, [*To Bel.*]
Love reasons without Reason.

Belar. Noble Strain!

O Worthiness of Nature! Breed of Greatness!

Imog. [*Aside*] These are kind Creatures. Gods, what
Lies I've heard!

Our Courtiers say all's savage, but at Court.
Experience, oh, how thou disprov'st Report.—

I am sick still, Heart-sick.—*Pisano,*
I'll now taste of thy Drug. [*Drinks out of the Vial.*]

Guid. I could not stir him;
He told me he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arvir.

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Arvir. Thus did he answer me, but said hereafter
I shou'd know more.

Belar. Good Boy, go in and rest.
Pray be not sick, for you must be our Housewife.

Imog. Or well or ill, I still am bound to you,
And shall be ever. [*Exit Imogen into the Cave.*]

Belar. Howe'er thus distress'd,
This Youth appears to have had good Ancestors.

Guid. Nobly he yokes a Smile with a sad Sigh.

Arvir. Patience and Grief are so enrooted in him,
They mingle both their Spurs * together.

Enter Cloten.

Belar. Ha!—Who's this?

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates: that Villain
Has mock'd me.—I am faint.

Belar. Those Runagates!
Means he not us?—Surely I know that Face;
'Tis *Cloten*, Son to th' Queen: I fear some Ambush.
We're held as Outlaws.—Hence.

Guid. He is but one:
You and my Brother search what Force is near:
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belar. and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? Some villain-mountaineer.—
I've heard of such.—Tell me what Slave art thou?

Guid. A Thing more slavish did I never yet,
Than answering a Slave without a Blow.

Clot. Thou art a Robber, a Law-breaker, yield thee.

Guid. To whom? To thee! What art thou? Have not I
An Arm as big as thine?—A Heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My Dagger in my Mouth.—Say what art thou;
That I shou'd yield to thee?

* *Spurs*] An old Word for the Fibres of a Tree.

Mr. POPE.

Clot.

Clot. Hear but my Name,
And tremble.

Guid. What's thy Name?

Clot. *Cloten*, Villain.

Guid. *Cloten*, then, double Villain, be thy Name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad,
Adder, or Spider, it wou'd move me sooner.

Clot. To thy Confusion know, I'm Son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for't; you seem not worthy of
So great a Birth.

Clot. Dost thou not fear me now?

Guid. Those that I rev'rence, those I fear; the wife;
At Fools I laugh.

Clot. Laughs thou? Have at thee, Villain.
When I've slain thee, I'll follow those that fled.

Yield, Rustick, yield. [Exeunt, fighting.]

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Belar. No Company's abroad.

Arvir. None, Sir; I fancy you mistook his Face.

Belar. I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him;
But Time has nothing blurr'd those Lines of Favour,
Which then he wore. The snatches in his Voice,
And burst of speaking, were like his. I'm absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arvir. In this Place we left them.
You say his Temper's fell, yet I doubt not
My Brother's innate Courage.

Enter Guiderius.

Belar. See, thy Brother.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a Fool; not *Hercules*
Cou'd have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none.

Belar.

Belar. What hast thou done?

Guid. Cut off one *Cloten's* Head,
Son to the Queen, after his own Report;
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his own single Hand, he'd take us in;
Displace our Heads, where thanks to th' Gods, they grow
And set them on *Lud's* Town.

Belar. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
But what he swore to take, our Lives?—The Law
Protects not us; then why shou'd we be tender,
And let an arrogant Piece of Flesh thus threat us?
What Company discover you abroad?

Belar. We can set eye on none. Yet still I think
He must have some Attendants. I fear Danger.

Arvir. Let the Gods do their Pleasure.--I pronounce
My Brother's Act is good.

Guid. With that same Sword
He proudly wav'd against my Throat, I've ta'en
His Head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek
Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fish that he's the Queen's Son, *Cloten*.
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Belar. I fear 'twill be reveng'd.
Wou'd, *Paladour*, thou had'st not don't! tho' Valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arvir. Wou'd I had don't;
So the Revenge had follow'd me alone:
I love thee, *Paladour*, but envy much
Thou'st rob'd me of this Action.

Belar. Well, 'tis done.
I pr'ythee in: look to the Youth. I'll stay
'Till *Paladour* return.

Arvir. Poor sick *Fidele*!
Cou'd I regain thy Health at the Expence
Of a whole Sea of such Fool-royal Blood
As that Wretch *Cloten's* was, I'd praise myself,

I

And

And think 'twere Charity.

[*Exit. into the Cave.*]

Belar. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely Boys! They are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing underneath the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet Head; and yet as rough,
(Their Royal Blood enchas'd,) as th' rudest Wind,
That by the Top does take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vale.—'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible Instinct thus shou'd frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; Valour,
That wildly grows in them; but yields a Crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
Or what his Death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother?
I have sent *Cloten's* Clot-pole down the Stream,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Body's Hostage
For his Return. [*Solemn Musick in the Cave.*]

Belar. My ingenious Instrument!
Hark, *Paladour*, it sounds! but what Occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it Motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Belar. He went hence even now. [*Mother,*

Guid. What means he? Since the Death of my dear
It did not speak before. All solemn Things
Shou'd answer solemn Accidents. The Matter!
Is *Cadwall* mad?

*Enter Arviragus with Imogen dead, bearing her
in his Arms.*

Belar. Look, here, alas, he comes!

And

And brings the dire Occasion in his Arms
Of what we blame him for.

Arvir. The Bird is dead,
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skipt from Sixteen Years of Age to Sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch;
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly!
My Brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Belar. O, Melancholy!
Who ever yet cou'd found thy Bottom? find
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish Carrack
Might eas'liest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what Man thou might'st have made; but ah!
Thou dy'dst, a most rare Boy, of Melancholy!
How found you him?

Arvir. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled Slumber,
Not as Death's dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arvir. O' th' Floor.
His Arms thus leagu'd; I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my Feet, whose Rudeness
Answer'd my Steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his Grave a Bed;
With female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come near him.

Arvir. With fairest Flow'rs,
While Summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave. Thou shalt not lack
The Flower that's like thy Face, pale *Primrose*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-Bell*, like thy Veins; no, nor
The Leaf of *Eglantine*, which not to slander,

Out-tweeten'd not thy Breath. The Raddock wou'd,
With charitable Bill, bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides, when Flow'rs are none,
To Winter-gown thy Coarse.—

Guid. Pr'ythee have done,
And do not play in Wench-like Words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with Admiration what
Is now due Debt.—To th' Grave.

Arvir. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arvir. Be't so.

[*Cloten*

Belar. Great Griefs, I see, Med'cine the less. For
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys,
And tho' he came our Enemy, remember,
He has paid for that : The Mean and Mighty, rotting
Together, have one Dust ; yet Reverence,
That Angel of the World, doth make Distinction
Of Place'twixt-High and Low. Our Foewas princely,
And tho' you took his Life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him as a Prince.

Guid. Pray fetch him hither.
Thersites' Body is as good as *Ajax'*,
When neither are alive.

Arvir. Will you go fetch him ? [Exit *Belar.*

Guid. Nay, *Cadwall*, we must lay his Head to th' East ;
My Father hath a Reason for't.

Arvir. 'Tis true.

*They seem, for some time, to be busied as placing Imogen ;
then, Enter Belarius, with the Body of Cloten.*

Guid. Come, lay him down ; unworthy as he was
Belar. Here's a few Flow'rs, but about Midnight more,
The Herbs that have on them cold Dew o' th' Night,
Are Strewings fitt'ft for Graves.—Upon his Face—

You

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You were as Flow'rs, now wither'd ; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart upon our Knees.—
The Ground, that gave them first, has them again :
Their Pleasure here is past, so is their Pain. [*Exeunt.*]

Imogen, *awaking.*

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven* ; which is the Way ?
I thank you.—By yond Bush ?—pray how far thither ?—
I've gone all Night.—O Gods, and Goddeffes !—

[*Seeing the Body.*]

These Flow'rs are like the Pleasures of the World ;
This bloody Man the Care on't.—I hope I dream ;
For sure I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so :
'Twas but a bolt of Nothing, shot at Nothing,
Which the Brain makes of Fumes : Our very Eyes
Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with Fear ; but if there be
Yet left in Heav'n as small a drop of Pity
As a Wren's Eye, oh Gods ! a Part of it !
The Dream's here still ; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless Man !—the garments of my *Posthumus* ?
Murther in Heaven !—how !—'tis gone !—*Pisanio* !—
'Twas thou, conspiring with that Devil *Cloten*,
Hast here cut off my Lord. 'Tis pregnant, pregnant !
This is *Pisanio's* Deed, and *Cloten's*. Oh !
Give colour to my pale Cheek with thy Blood,
That we the horridier may seem to those
Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord, my Lord !

Enter Lucius and Trebonius.

Treb. The Legions that were garrison'd in *Gaul*,
As you commanded, Sir, have cross'd the Sea :

At

At *Milford* they attend you with your Ships:

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Treb. Our Emp'ror, great *Augustus*,
Has bid the *Roman* Eagles spread their Wings;
And where they fly, attending Vict'ry follows.
Our Troops like Veterans, in harden'd Steel,
Come nobly on, and promise willing Service,
Under the Conduct of bold *Jachimo*.

Luc. This great Forwardness
Makes our Hopes fair. Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
Without his Top? What's this a Page lies by him?
Or dead or sleeping on him, but dead rather,
For Nature does abhor to make his Couch
With the deceas'd.

Treb. He is alive, my Lord.

Luc. What art thou?

Imog. I am Nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better.

Luc. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow?

Imog. 'Twas my Master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by Mountaineers lyes slain: Alas!
There are no more such Masters: I may wander
From *East* to *Occident*, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another Master.

Luc. 'Lack, good Youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy Complaints and Tears,
Than does thy Master bleeding. Say, thy Name?

Imog. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thy Name well fits thy Faith.
Wilt take thy Chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's Letters,
Sent by a Consul to me, shou'd no sooner
Than thine own Worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imog.

C Y M B E L I N E.

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Imog. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my Master from the Flies, as deep
As these poor Pickaxes can dig ; [*looking on her Fingers*]
and when [*Grave,*
With wild Wood-leaves and Weeds I ha' strew'd his
And on it said a Century of Prayers
(Such as I can) twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
And leaving so his Service follow you.

Luc. I'll prove a Father to thee.—This kind Boy
Has taught us manly Duties.—With the soonest
Our Soldiers shall find out some dazied Plot,
And make him with their Partizans a Grave.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Trebonius.*

Imogen alone.

One Look !—and then I follow.—Yet, another !—
All Curfes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thy Murth'ers ;
May fell Remorse pursue them ; may they feel
More poignant Agonies than sad *Prometheus*,
Whose ever-growing Flesh becomes a Prey
To the unsatisfied, still-gnawing Vulture. [*Exit.*

S C E N E *changes to Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

[*her !*

Cymb. Again, and bring me Tydings how 'tis with
My Queen upon a desp'rate fev'rish Bed,
Bord'ring on Madness, and her Life in Danger ;
Her Son stol'n hence, and *Imogen* quite lost ;
Good Heav'n, how deeply you at once afflict me !
And this too at a Time when fearful War
Rears it's bold Front, threat'ning my Crown and Life.
Thou, who wert of my Daughter's inmost Counsel,
Must needs know where she bides : Tortures shall force,
If yet thou dare be mute, the Secret from thee.

Pisan.

Pisan. My Life, great Sir, is yours: but for my Mistress I'm ignorant where she remains, or when She purposes Return. Beseech your Highness, Hold me your faithful Servant.

First Lord. Good my Liege,
I dare be bound *Pisano's* truly loyal.

Cymb. The Time is troublesome, and lesser Evils Must to the great give way.—Our Jealousy Of your Intrigues shall for the present sleep.

Second Lord. So please your Majesty, the *Roman* Legions From *Gallia* drawn are landed on your Coast. [Motion,

First Lord. The Powr's you have, when put in warlike Can well make head against the utmost Force These lordly *Romans*, tho' with Conquest flush'd, Dare face them with.

Second Lord. The Ardour of your Troops, Who long to move in well-compacted Bands, Portends Success.

Cymb. Ourself will lead them on. [tough

First Lord. A *Briton's* Arm is strung with Nerves as As any *Roman's*.—To the destin'd Mark Our Arrows speed as sure, and are as fatal.

Cymb. We fear not what from *Italy* can hurt us ; Our Grief is nearer home.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

Corn. Hail mighty King !
Forgive my Tongue that which it must report ;
The Queen is dead.

Cymb. Whom worse than a Physician Wou'd this Report become ?—But when I think By Med'cine Life can only be prolong'd, And Death at last will seize the Doctor too, I'm arm'd with Patience. Say then, how she dy'd.

Corn. Loth am I to offend your Ear, my Liege, Nor shall my Speech defame her Royal Ashes :

Truth bids me speak, but as her Life was cruel,
Her Death was horrid.—Her Attendants here
Can trip me if I err, who with wet Cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cymb. Pr'ythee say.

[Rage,

Corn. *Cloten's* strange Flight increas'd her Fever's
And added to her Horror. She confest
What shudders me to tell; she had prepar'd
For you a mortal Mineral, which being took
Shou'd by the Minute feed on Life, and ling'ring
By Inches waste you; in which Time she purpos'd
By crafty Semblance of her Love to work
Her Son into th' Adoption of the Crown.
The Princess too——

Cymb. Ha! *Imogen!* What of her?

Corn. She own'd was as a Scorpion to her Sight;
Whose Life, but that her Flight prevented it,
By Poyson she'd ta'en off. Scarce had she ended
The Tale of her most shameless desp'rate Deeds,
When in a Frenzy she despairing dy'd.

Cymb. O delicate Serpent! was thy Touch so fatal?
And yet methinks mine Eyes were not in Fault,
For she was beautiful:
Mine Ears that heard her Flatt'ry; nor my Heart
That thought her like her seeming: It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her. Yet, oh my Daughter!
That it was Folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling.—But no more—
We'll lose our Sorrows in the bloody Field;
The dreadful Pomp of War, the neighing Steed,
The Clash of Armour, and the Trumpet's Sound,
Shall dissipate our Griefs.—Give me, ye Gods!
To drive with Shame these hostile *Romans* hence,
These publick Robbers, who invade my Country,
And call their Violations right of Conquest.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT



ACT V.

SCENE, *the Forest.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. **T**H' Alarm of noisy War is all around us.

Belar. Let us, while yet there's Time, fly from it, Sons.

Arvir. Fly, noble Father! wherefore should we fly? What hope is there that we can save ourselves? Shou'd we be met by *Romans*, Death is certain, As we're of *British* Race.—Our Countrymen, If they light on us, will thro' just Revenge Treat us like base unnatural Revolters.

Guid. Why was Life giv'n us? Was it but to breathe? Or at the most, to chase the harmless Stag, And whilst his speaking Tears implore our Pity, Ruthless to slay him for our daily Food? I've heard of *Cæsar*, nay yourself have told me, That he fought Men.

Belar. *Cæsar*'s high Birth, my Son, Enflam'd his Soul to Actions worthy Conquerors.

Guid. Birth! what is Birth? Is not Almighty *Jove* The Father of us all? Were I the Heir Of Royal *Cymbeline*, I cou'd not feel A stronger Impulse than now drives me on, To meet in Arms these Victors of the World.

Arvir. I am asham'd to look upon the Sun,

To

To have the Benefit of his blest Beams,
 Yet live obscurely thus a poor Unknown.
 Why, Brother, we ne'er yet beheld the Blood
 Of any thing, but Coward-hares, and Venison.
 Never did I bestride a Horse, but once ;
 When the brave Beast, scorning his un-taught Rider,
 Threw me, thro' mere Contempt, and proud Disdain,
 Upon the humble Earth.

Belar. I see your Drift,
 But I am known of many in the Army.
 Besides, the King has not deserv'd my Service,
 My unjust Exile has depriv'd you both
 Of that fair Breeding, which your Cradle promis'd.
 Has he not drove us to this mossy Cave ?
 Our only Shelter from the Dog-Star's Rage.
 And when the Seasons change, what is our Gain ?
 But to be then the shrinking Slaves of Winter.

Guid. 'Twere better cease to be, than to be thus.
 I and my Brother are unknown ; yourself
 So out of Thought, that you can ne'er be question'd.

Arvir. By Heav'ns I'll go ; if you will bless me, Sir,
 And give me Leave, I then may thrive the better ;
 If you will not, the Hazard fall on me.
 To die is glorious in my Country's Cause.
 Full to my View the *Spartan* Brothers rise !
 (The Story when you told it warm'd my Heart)
 Who at the *Isthmian* Strait defy'd the *Persian* ;
 He who to spread his Camp, and swell his Pride,
 Almost unpeopled half the *Asian* World.
 Brother, come on, we'll emulate their Deeds ;
 And if we fall like them, we fall with Honour.

Guid. Let us embrace *Belarius*, ere we part.
 I long to grapple with these hardy *Romans*.

Belar. Nay, forward Sons, since of your Lives you set
 So slight a Valuation, why shou'd I
 Be idly anxious for the Care of one
 With Sorrow worn and crack'd ? Have with you, Boys ;

If in your Country's Wars you chance to die,
There will I make my Bed; we'll lye together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *a Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter Posthumus, dress'd like a poor Soldier, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Posth. Yea, bloody Cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shou'd'st be colour'd thus. You married-ones!
If each of you wou'd take this Course, how many
Must murder Wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? Oh, *Pisanio*!
Every good Servant does not all Commands;
No Bond but to do just ones.—Gods, if you
Shou'd have ta'en Vengeance on my Faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
Me, Wretch, more worth your Vengeance. But alack!
You snatch some hence for little Faults; that's Love;
To have them fall no more:—You some permit
To second Ills with Ills, each worse than other.—
But *Imogen*'s your own; do your best Wills,
And make me blest t' obey.—The Gen'ral *Lucius*
Has been my great Protector, and expects
My Arm, to aid his Cause.—But, 'tis enough,
That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy Mistress: Peace!
I'll give no Wound to thee. No, I will die
For thee, O *Imogen*; for whom my Life
Is every breathing Moment as a Death.
Oh, Sun, thy Uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and *Posthumus* part here, even here
Do we shake Hands.—Yet haply ere I fall,
If my good Sword befriend me, thus disguis'd,
I may be crimson'd with the Blood of *Romans*:

O,

O, could I spill a Sea, each Drop as rich
 As the first *Cæsar's* ; even that Revenge
 Would scarce suffice me ! for, 'twas *Roman* Artifice
 Betray'd me to the Murder of my Wife. [Exit.

Enter Lucius, Jachimo, and the Roman Army at one Door ; and the British Army at another ; Posthumus following, they march over ; and go out. Then enter again in Skirmish, Jachimo and Posthumus ; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Jachimo, and then leaves him.

Jach. The Heaviness and Guilt, within my Bosom,
 Takes off my Manhood ; I've bely'd a Lady,
 The Princess of this Country ; and the Air on't
 Revengingly enfeeble me : or could this Carle,
 A very Drudge of Nature, have subdu'd me
 In my Profession ? What are Knighthoods, Honours,
 But empty Titles, when the wounded Heart,
 Conscious of secret Crimes, is grown a Coward ? [Exit.

The Battle continues ; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken ; then enter to his Rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

[Ground ;

Belar. Stand, stand ; we have th' Advantage of the
 That Lane is guarded : Nothing routs us, but
 The Villany of our Fears.

Guid. and Arvir. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline.

Cymb. Whoe'er you be, that wear this rude Outside,
 Thanks for my Life.—This bloody Business o'er,
 I'll cloath you, as such Virtue well deserves,
 In Armour made of Gold. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Lucius, Jachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, Boy, from the Troops, and save thy self;
For Friends kill Friends, and the Disorder's such
As War were hood-wink'd.

Jach. 'Tis their fresh Supplies.

Luc. It is a Day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly.

Jach. No matter where, wou'd I cou'd fly myself.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Posthumus.

[groan,
Post. I've search'd for Death, where I did hear him
But cou'd not find him, tho' he often struck
Close by me.—Strange! that this ugly Monster
Shou'd hide himself in Cups, or in soft Beds,
Or ambush'd in the Flatt'rer's oily Tongue,
Without Suspicion kill!—He has more Ministers
Than we who draw his bloody Knives in War.
Well, I will find him.—I will fight no more,
But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my Shoulder; for my Ransom's Death.

Enter Two Captains and Soldiers.

First Capt. Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old Man and his Sons were Angels,

Second Capt. There was a fourth Man in a silly Habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.

First Capt. So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Posth. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.

Second Capt. Lay Hands on him; a Dog!
A Leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell

What

CYMBELINE.

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What Crows have peck'd them here; he brags his Service
As if he were of Note; bring him to th' King. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Cymbeline's Tent.

Cymbeline *discover'd, with* Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, &c.

[*made*

Cymb. Stand by my Side, You, whom the Gods have
Preservers of my Throne.—Wo is my Heart,
That the poor Soldier that so richly fought,
(Whose Rags sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked Breast
Stept before Shields of Proof,) cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our Grace can make him so.

Belar. I never saw
Such noble Fury in so poor a Thing;
He courted Danger, and his desp'rate Valour
Spoke him, thro' Begg'ry, as of worthy Race.

Cymb. I am as yet the Heir of his Reward,
Which I will add to you; the Liver, Heart,
And Brain of *Britain*.—'Tis by you she lives.
'Tis now the Time to ask of whence you are.

Belar. In *Cambria* were we born, and Gentlemen;
Farther to boast might shame our Modesty,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cymb. Bow your Knees.
Arise, my Knights o' th' Battle: I create you
Companions to our Person.

Belar. By this Act
Of gracious Kindness, is the Mem'ry lost
Of my Misfortunes.

Arvir. Now I breathe indeed!
Never did grateful Duty tie the Soul
Of a beloved Son, in stronger Bands
Of filial Piety, than mine, O King,
Now bends to thee.

Guid.

Guid. Pardon me, gracious Sir,
My Father's Smiles, when in his fondest Mood,
Ne'er fill'd my Bosom with the Tythe of Joy,
That runs quite thro' me when I touch this Garment.

[*Kisses the King's Robes.*]

I own I am ambitious; Honours given
By any other King would surely charm me;
But here, I know not why, a striking Awe,
That reverential Love we owe the Gods,
Prostrates my Heart, and bids me fear offending.

Cymb. Come to my Arms. You both are worthy Youths.

Belar. Nature, I fear, will be beforehand with me.

[*Aside.*]

Cymb. If they are your's, your hoary Age is crown'd
With envy'd Blessings.—In my Prime of Life,
Two Infant Sons, by some unnat'ral Wretch,
Whose marble Bosom never knew the Joy,
The anxious Fondness that attends a Father,
Were from me torn.—Unknowing of their Fate,
Each Day my weeping Heart sheds Drops of Blood,
Lamenting still, but still in vain, their Absence.

Belar. Good Eyes, betray me not; a little longer hold!

[*Aside.*]

Cymb. And now, ye Gods, when this poor aged Trunk
Wants most Support, you've ta'en my only Prop,
My Daughter from me.—Mournful Victory!—
Kind Heav'n, restore my Children, and make bare
My laurel'd Brow; strip off each golden Wreath,
Let *Cæsar* shine the Tyrant of the World;
I cou'd be happy in domestick Bliss,
In the soft nameless Pleasure that enwraps
The Parent, gazing in that precious Glass,
Where he, self-view'd, in th' Autumn of his Life,
Beholds the blooming Spring that crown'd his Youth.

Belar. How Sorrow touches him!

Cymb. Why, why, good Heav'n!
Do you involve in such Calamities

The

The Creatures your own forming Hands have made?
 All, all my Children lost!—My Wife a Traytress!
 And *Cloten's* Absence, tho' no more my Son,
 Still adds to my Perplexity.

Guid. My Liege,
 Let me inform you of that *Cloten's* Fate;
 I slew him, Sir.

Cymb. Marry, the Gods forefend!
 I would not thy good Deeds shou'd from my Lips
 Pluck an hard Sentence. Pr'ythee, valiant Youth,
 Deny't again.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cymb. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one.

The Wrongs he did me, and his brutal Language
 Wou'd have provok'd me to have spurn'd the Sea,
 Cou'd it so roar to me.—I cut his Head off.

Cymb. I'm sorry for thee, thine own Tongue condemns
 thee.

Lead him to Death.

Belar. Stay, hasty *Cymbeline*;
 This Man is better than the Man he slew;
 As well descended as thy self, and hath
 Of thee much merited. Let go his Arms; [*To the Guard*]
 They were not made for Bondage.

Cymb. Why, old Soldier,
 Wilt thou undo the Worth thou art unpaid for,
 By hastening of our Wrath?—How of Descent
 As good as we!

Arvir. In that he spake too far.

Cymb. And he shall die for't.

Arvir. We will die all three.

Belar. But I will prove two of us are as good
 As I've giv'n out of him. My Sons, I must,
 For my own part, unfold a dangerous Speech,
 Tho' haply well for you.

L

Arvir.

Arvir. Your Danger's ours.

Guid. And our Good, his.

Belar. Have at it then, by Leave :

Thou had'st, great King, a Subject call'd *Belarius*.

Cymb. A banish'd Traytor ! —

Belar. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this Age ; — indeed a banish'd Man ;
I know not how a Traytor. —

Cymb. Take him hence ;
The whole World shou'd not save him :

Belar. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.

Cymb. Nursing of my Sons ?

Belar. I am too blunt and sawcy ; here's my Knee :
Ere I arise I will prefer my Sons ;
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen, that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine ;
They are the Issue of your Loins, my Liege,
And Blood of your begetting.

Cymb. How ! — My Issue ?

Belar. So sure, as you descended from your Father :
I'm that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd.
Pardon me, mighty King, these twenty Years
They have been train'd as mine. I mov'd my Wife
To steal them. My Reward for Loyalty
To you, was Banishment. That cruel Act
Excited me to Treason. — Take my Head :
But, O, receive these Princes as your own.
The Benediction of these covering Heav'ns,
Fall on their Heads like Dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay Heav'n with Stars.

Cymb. Thou weep'st, and speak'st :
The Service that you three have done, is more

Unlike,

Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my Children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A Pair of worthier Sons.

Belar. Be pleas'd awhile—

This Gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Is your *Guiderius*; this, my *Cadwall*,
Your *Arviragus*. He was lapt, my Liege,
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' Hand
Of his Queen-Mother; which, for more Probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cymb. *Guiderius* had
Upon his Neck a Mole, a sanguine Star.
It was a Mark of Wonder.

Belar. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that nat'ral Stamp.
It was wise Nature's End in the Donation,
To be his Evidence now.

Cymb. I'll doubt no more.
Come then, come both, and wreath your Ivy Arms
Around this Oak; that, tho' it's Top decays,
The Roots may still look green and flourishing.

Guid. Sure, Brother, we've discover'd some new World,
Whose Glories, like the Sun obscur'd by Clouds,
Have long been hidden from our wishing Eyes.
Accept, O royal Sir, our duteous Hearts.

Arvir. Acknowledg'd for your Son! O my full Soul,
Thy great Ambition now is satisfy'd.
But what is Language? how shall I express
My Gratitude?—My future Piety,
And vow'd Obedience, can alone declare it.

Cymb. Fortune, at length, with less Severity
Than she was wont, begins to treat my Age.
O wou'd she crown my Joys, wou'd she restore
My *Imogen*, I then were blest indeed!—

*Enter Lucius, Jachimo, and other Roman Prisoners ;
Posthumus and Imogen behind.*

Well, *Caius Lucius*, com'st thou now for Tribute?
Or have our *Britons*, tho' we own with Loss
Of many a bold one, paid your high Demand?

Luc. Th' Events of War, great Sir, are ever various:
The Day was yours by Chance; had we been Gainers,
We wou'd not, when the Blood was cold, have
threaten'd

Our Pris'ners with the Sword.—But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our Lives
May be sufficient Ransom, let Death come:
A *Roman*, with a *Roman* Heart, can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on't. This thing only
I will intreat: my Boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ransom'd: never Master had
A Page so kind, so duteous, diligent:
Then let his Virtue join with my Request;
He's as harm'd no *Briton*, tho' he serv'd a *Roman*;
Then, spare his Innocence.——

Cymb. I've surely seen him;
His Favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my Grace,
And art my own. I know not why, or wherefore,
To say, live, Boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my Bounty and thy State, I'll give it:
Yea, tho' thou dost demand a Prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imog. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my Life, good Youth;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imog. No, no, alack,
There's other Work in Hand; I see a thing

Bitter

Bitter to me as Death ; your Life, good Master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The Boy disdains me——
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cymb. What wou'dst thou, Boy ?
I love thee more and more : think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?--Speak
Wilt have him live ? is he thy kin ? thy Friend ?

Imog. He is a *Roman* ; no more kin to me,
Than I t' your Highness ; who being born your Vassal,
And something nearer.

Cymb. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imog. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cymb. Ay, with all my Heart,
And lend my best Attention. Come, speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen walk apart.*]

Belar. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death ?

Arvir. One Sand another
Not more resembles, than he the rosie Lad,
Who dy'd, and was *Fidele*. What think you ?

Guid. The same.

Belar. Peace, Peace, see more : he eyes us not.
Creatures may be alike ; were't he, I'm sure
He wou'd have spoke to us.

Pisan. 'Tis my Mistress !
Since she is living, let the Time run on
To Good or Bad. [*Cymb. and Imog. come forward.*]

Cymb. Come, stand thou on our Side ;
Make thy Demand aloud. Sir, step you forth ;
[*To Jachimo.*]

Give Answer to this Boy, and do it freely ;
Or by our Greatness, and the Grace of it,
Which is our Honour, bitter Torture shall
Winnow the Truth from Falshood. — On ; speak
to him.

Imog.

Imog. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Posth. What's that to him?

Cymb. That Diamond upon your Finger, say,
How came it yours?

Jach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter, what
Torments me to conceal.—By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas *Posthumus's* Jewel, [thee,
Whom thou did'st banish: (and which more may grieve
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt Sky and Ground. Will you hear more, my
Lord?

Cymb. All that belongs to this.

Jach. That Paragon, thy Daughter,
For whom my Heart drops Blood, and my false
Spirits

Quail to remember—give me leave, I faint.—

Cymb. My Daughter! What of her?—Renew thy
Strength;

I'd rather thou shou'dst live while Nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: Strive, Man, and speak.

Jach. Upon a Time, the good Lord *Posthumus*,
Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty that made barren the swell'd Boast
Of him that best cou'd speak; for Stature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
Postures beyond brief Nature.—

Cymb. I stand on Fire.

Come to the Matter.

Jach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou'dst quickly grieve.—This *Posthumus*,
(Most like a noble Lord in Love, and one
That had a royal Lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, began
His Mistress' Picture.—

Cymb. Nay, nay, to the Purpose.

Jach.

Jach. Your Daughter's Chastity;—There it begins:—
 He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot Dreams,
 And she alone were cold; whereat, I, Wretch!
 Made scruple of his Praise; and wag'd with him
 Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd Finger, to attain
 In suit the Place of's Bed and win this Ring
 By her's and mine Adultery. He, true Knight,
 No lesser of her Honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this Ring.
 I, full of Vanity, assail'd that Paragon;
 And to be brief, my Practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with similar Proof, enough
 To make the noble *Posthumus* go mad,
 By wounding his Belief in her Renown.
 He thought her Bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the Forfeit; whereupon,
 Methinks I see him now.—

Posth. Ay, so thou dost,
Italian Fiend! Ah me, most cred'lous Fool;
 Egregious Murderer, Thief, any thing
 That's due to all the Villains past, in Being,
 To come.—Oh, give me Cord, or Knife, or Poison,
 Some upright Justicer! Thou, King, send out
 For Torturers ingenious; it is I,
 That all th' abhored Things of th' Earth amend
 By being worse than they.—I am *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy Daughter! Villain-like, I lye;
 That caus'd a lesser Villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious Thief, to do it.—The Temple
 Of Virtue was she!—Oh, my *Imogen*!
 My Queen, my Life, my Wife! Oh *Imogen*!

Imog. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear.

Posth. Shall's have a Play of this?
 Thou scornful Page, there lye thy Part.

[*Strikes Imogen. She falls.*
Pisan.

Pisan. O Gentlemen,
Mine, and your Mistress. — Oh, my Lord *Posthumus*,
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now ; help, help, —
My honour'd Lady ! —

Cymb. Does the World go round ? [Hand !

Posth. How come these Staggers on me ? — baleful
Vile Instrument ! O most pernicious Blow !

Awake, my *Imogen*, revive, look up ;
O dart those sparkling Orbs of radiant Light,
Thy beauteous Eyes, once more upon thy Husband,
Or let me sleep eternally in Death.

Imog. If thou art yet unkind, to wake to Life,
Is waking but to Certainty of Misery. —

Cymb. The Tune of *Imogen* !

Posth. O thou most injur'd !

Thus let me melt, and weep upon thy Bosom,
Imploring Pardon. Shou'd my Years be stretch'd
Beyond the longest of the Sons of Men,
My Life shall be but one continu'd Act
Of great Attonement.

Imog. Why, O *Posthumus*,
Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you ?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again. [Throwing her Arms about his Neck.

Posth. Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
'Till the Tree die.

Cymb. How now, my Flesh ! my Child !
Why mak'st thou me a Dullard in this Act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imog. Your Blessing, Sir, [Kneeling.

Cymb. My Tears, that fall, prove Holy-water on thee !
Henceforth, grow nothing in thy Breast but Joy !

Imog. Will you forgive my Husband ? —

Cymb. But forgive him !

Blest may he be : My Blessing on you both ;
That after this strange Starting from your Orbs,

You

You may reign in them now.—All-gracious Heaven,
 How oft thy Providence turns Tears to Smiles!
 I thought myself quite childless, and at once
 A threefold Birth presents itself before me.
 My *Imogen*, *Guiderius*, *Arviragus*,
 And let me add another, *Posthumus*;
 My Children all!—Thou art our Brother too.

[*To Belarius.*

My Daughter, thou hast lost by these a Kingdom.

[*Pointing to his Sons.*

Imog. No, Royal Father, I have rather gain'd
 Two Worlds by this Discov'ry. Oh, my Brothers!
 Have we thus met? Then never say hereafter,
 But I speak truest. You once call'd me Brother,
 When I was but your Sister: I, you Brothers;
 When you were so indeed.

Cymb. Did you e'er meet?

Arvir. Ay, my good Lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd.

Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cymb. O rare Instinct! When shall I hear all through?

Jach. O Virtue, I ne'er knew thee till this Moment!

My Passions, foul, and black as *Erebus*,
 Have hid thee from me: Now thou stand'st reveal'd;
 Confest in all thy Worth, thy native Splendor.
 In all this Presence, I, alone, am Wretched.
 Take then, O *Posthumus*, my hated Life,
 Which hath so long been forfeited. But first
 Resume your Ring:—Thou, too, the truest Princess
 That ever plighted Troth, receive this Bracelet.—
 And, Sir, when you have satisfy'd your Justice,
 Remember not my Crimes, but my Repentance.

[*Kneels to Posthumus.*

Posth. Kneel not to me; if I have any Power,
 It shall be all employ'd to spare you; live,
 And deal with others better.

Cymb. Nobly doom'd!

And thy Example shall teach us Forgiveness;
Each Pris'ner that is ta'en, we freely pardon:
Lucius, no more we're Foes. Thro' *Lud's* fair Town,
The *British* and the *Roman* Ensigns waving,
In friendly Order, will we march together.

Posth. At length, O *Imogen*, the Trial's o'er:
Thy Virtue, like a Rock in stormy Seas,
With brave Resistance, has withstood the Force
Of many a beating Surge.—May none like me
E'er tread the crooked Path of tort'ring Jealousy!
Suspicious Minds in faithless Mirrors look,
And Innocence for Guilt is then mistook;
With Honour trust, when you have chose the Fair;
Your Bosom Confidence if once they share,
Thro' Gratitude, they'll fix their Inclinations there.

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F I N I S.



